Upon the Written Hours

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Freya Arde's Cool River

Where the moon windows stop
the pearls of contained catastrophes eclipse
like borrowed phrases and stolen rhymes
that even Paul Simon could not manifest
disjointed within the heart of solace wind
Today a shimmer like taken house farms
repel the stolen parade, parted on one side
and beautified on the other, too normal
to be the debriefing of angels, maybe
you must have been my defense
in the court of petrified oil trees
An echo of God's laundry reports
on the deck of the highlands
where no blisters shall ever reach us
and no saints battle or toss with rats
but just the preterition denied
like a praetorian gas mask salesman
hiding in the trees of the distance
between me and the self and that sees it all

Alterpiece Coins in Loving Doubt and Regret

Fiscal grand dances like troubadours in concession
An allotment of persuasion like guilt for the grand design
Home and alacrity belts on personage and fealty coins
Dedicated to their Maker like stones in the passage
Marking the regret of the last vessel to call this place home

Do we have any reason to doubt that you made it this far?
Is there any assemblage in the coins of your growing treason?
Do we have air in which to greet your brave indulgence for tired piers?
Is there not a calm to your voice that makes us forget the living are lying?
We are all surrounded by deception. So, too, have you bled for this construction,
That wastes our cities, communities, and rural security. So, too,
Have you broken through the myth of allegorical despair and realized

This is all really happening. This is not a dream. They will all waste your words
Like a heart that has never suffered for one more day of life, or one more
Sacrilegious poet, sanctioned to live on an Isle of Remorse
Remember me, future tidal maps, for I do think of you
In hope and restitution, I great you in my dreams with my panoply of structured pose

When She Leaves April Without a Care

seasons of unexpected change and settling cement
when traditional namespaces exchange ties
delta rhythms in the clax horn borrowing control
flooding of April birds rising with natural straits
with the hillside tidings glad upon your flowing
hope for a single feather regrettable lost laughter
among the flooding of temperamental dorsal rocks
giants pushing this way and that like fabric and skin
over newberry leaves of Forsyth fires sounding chatter
like pearl outcasts at feathered weddings and toasts
and the reason for slow decisions folding harnesses
in the settled memories of Her remorseful lost touch

God’s Sequential Birthday

God does not stray for long.
She visits me in my vortex
of unreasonable diminishing sense of self.
I just assume not see Her.
She can be intimidating, always there
looking at me as though she expects
great things from me. I am not
one to complain too harshly, well,
that is not true / I can complain
from time to time, but should I
complain to God about Her constant
presence? I do not think that would be
a wise thing to do
Let Her sing me apart.
Put words into my mouth and my heart.

Sidle Memories of Ashpearl Insiders

Spoken like a tar-bull morning
like somebody laughing
too tired to move out on its own
too forspent to accept the matrimony together
I have issued the aftereffect of all transparent mornings
And they hold no riddles, no compass,
and no trade-mole worth gathering

4 a.m. Token Economy

For strangers not meant to be seen in sobriety
or tipped sharply under harvest quakes
we have longed to be broken mirrors, with a shy stern sky,
to each other like pheasant crossings, testimonial,
and gatherings of favorite heliocentric causality

Across the moon and the faces of docent memories
no more pleasant than a Canadian pushcart
lift of rattling chain store insiders, working moms
and smoking waitresses never on break, but relieved
with love birds flying apart and knowing, piercingly,
the difference between an approaching solution
and a disappearing act in lost sands with tempered journals

It is that which is no more that sounds the romantic helo-plane
felt in the heat of the shade of octave tree trimmings in the rain
with a trusting prison you long to meet through your mystic features
where love becomes only a fostered patrimony seat in the lighthouse

Warm and shy-stemmed early music with moral majority fecundation
like doors and fire exits that meet the center of the station on grass
curtains with rays of dormant light that ignite the salutary strumming
willful presence despite strong feelings of the contrary desk-master
and he has his jewels, waiting for you if you complete the task faster

Roofline Disposition Under an Oblate Counterfeit Humectant

Her feelings humidify the surrounding puzzled air
With a distortion of grazing sounds
Bovine muscles tend to her flock
Cat Power sings from the balcony
Charred resentment swings adrift from the tool master's hat
Like a partition between the horizontal
And the oak tree superlative, singing
"Now late to your rest
Through the dawn's golden breasts"

A Public Election

A peoples who need rulers over them
clearly have not asked for freedom
and likely cannot be trusted with freedom.

A peoples who participate, encourage, and pay
for elections are admitting to the world
that they cannot be trusted to look out for each other.

A peoples who craft an organizational structure
and call it “leadership” are likely undeserving
of the trust and privilege of freedom, now and tomorrow.

Canadian Politeness in the Deep South

Never drink more than two cups of coffee
And throw rocks through windows when the sun goes down

Sick Socialist Children

Tempers in the afternoon
Like a hot honey locust
Settling with the sun
In the heads of all
The obtuse children
With the nerve to ask
For pain relievers or a
Cold towel to cover their
Foreheads to bring
Down the fever
They do not understand
They do not care
They are anarchists
They are socialists
They have been
All this time, too,
Send them to farms, away,
For rehabilitation
Maybe after they learn
Not to have a fever
They might deserve a picnic
On the lawn of
Kennedy's mansion

Temperate regions stalled in freedom

a compass rose spreads liberation
across the gully sands of empirical
sláinte scheduled for a cartwheel
son et lumière under grass curtains
lost sands and tempered journals
appeasing the broken prince of asphalt;
the show is the percentage of liberation
the marches in homes and revelries
like last match boxes found in the home
of lost acquaintances exerting a fly's momentum
performing a fruit fly's sacred resemblance

Dark horse equivocation

She didn’t pick you arbitrarily, he said
But refined you through dedicated fire
You failed to be forged
And you are no diamond
Finally, you said,
“lift the responsibility from me”
But that was not the only test
And it never was, so you are just learning.

Upon a reflecting surface again

Dormant tufted grass in the
elaborate enclosure
Smiling like an appeasing stranger
too ill to take a hint
Epochs of sailors and running men
warning the captain
This vessel is a young numbered age
holding a bulb a magnitude
Stems of flowers of sulphur, steady
returning from the center
Returning from the quadrant of a benign mass
and still in love
with her ashen waves

a heron in the sands of bordering tholos entries

too much concrete in the stomach
supplied by soldiers too thin to stand
a wintered approach snake squeezing bar tracery
abandoned tholos entrepreneurs with theatre clay
unlikely manners sound again for plagues that may

Gravel

socage pedestrians
national emblems of Gradgrindian tenuity
for one moment, still
for another, instilled
this point in time abandoned
for stocks of gravel impatience

tomorrow E’rth’s patience for pearl-like songs

car stools in Mother Glory’s absent faucet rules of tepid time-lapses
through a passive army of savage pacifiers set in painful remonstrances
like teething time-lapses altogether among the dropped tones
Of Cat Clyde’s broken journals all meant for the larger entreat of scold’s bridle
Singing like rocks and stones passing though a mount’an of pearl books
latter patrons in Xinjiang basins and stonefly brooks and entreating passages
Mother E’rth’s rhythms of patronage Sa’nts fools for circumverant mosaic lines
Matching cold ponds like steel frames embedded in branch curtains, now gone

but tomorrow E’rth opens her torrid breasts for nomad percussions under the implied
season with tufted grass straits leavings and passings this way and that way, under
moments that we all passed on, leaving to our fathers like stones in the driveway
Tomorrow gold toil furnaces rejoin the sediment labor of dowry imposed ligaments
Cold to the touch like microwave stations on urban farms where jewelry passages break
steepled numbers where F’ther Prison’s contrition denies the broken journals like water
Where borehole science sprung new portière gates and fragmented insatiate flower beetles
For remorse like no door could cart away or impart a partner’s song like a tired journey

There are no stanzas that could find the strength or elapsing laughing tears
we only have one another from Iran to Belgium and scattered towns among the written hours

United States of Soapberry Contrition with Academia Overjoyed

The ivory peasants will not stop, in simple terms
The labor camps on high crystal terraces
The forced kidnappings, so much now not deterred
For the people to protest would be a lost joining cigarette
No protection from these people in their footwear harmony
Who have belittled us for decades like dirty leaves thinking
When have they not balked, abandoned in the furnace for now,
For decades now, now they will not succumb to a conscience or
Change a thing | King Crucifer will be adroitly installed and
Have his way and the people will celebrate the lost souls
Academics will be overjoyed to have been proven true and now
A new subject matter to publish, never perishing on paper,
They will not learn their own lessons or complete the test themselves
No hope on the horizon for brave single couples that dare not speak
The fame of tyranny is in their bones, this peoples will not atone
Illness, they say? Is that what is cognate in this dry bones nation?

Profusion of dreams abandoned

sail plan demographics
under the contours
of Hesdon's golden loft
the professors are screaming
now being unclothed
for having left their posts
pillar saints suffered, but obeyed
and did not cross the dotted line
nor did the pillars fall to the ground
in the abasement of congressional staff
like absent tracks
upon the bowl of tetchy unlawfulness

Silent saints in passenger cars of crater-land

Hesdon makes his way through the city
Of crater-land, upon the bed of
Six women he paid just enough to keep
Quite, not excursions for a dormouse wedding
Witnesses – no, now twenty-six witnesses
And a yelling mother into the ear of
Consciousness like a hill of abject
Silence upon door-masters, not flagrant
Missing in action heroines, too tired
Too tired

Narrative of Muted Spaces

Gambling with ancient passions

There is no gold in these passages

There was once a wanderer, complacent
In the tunnels under the mountain

Now he stumbles, too weak to talk

Now he breaks his oath like a battered sword
Underneath the brush of antagonistic time

There are no threading dreams

To match the narrative in the muted spaces of his mind
In the written hours, he parks his reservation for the toil of temerity

Where professors are hidden in a trajectory of might and appendages of zeal

feature premise on the doorway of stemmed tidings
professors are taking up arms
post-grads are preaching teachable moments
to an unenthusiastic crew of noble servants
in another timezone Abraham hats are journeying
like awkward mines and a credence that wills
propelled stilled material witnesses, all gathered
around donkey disturbances, too frightened to see a cure
too endowed with artificial art to see what is coming

but the professors see what is coming
they have no reason to hide it from themselves
stealth meetings behind crying curtains
firewall lists and calibrated shrines for future
seaplane matrimony like tired walls pretending
to be vacant, pretending to not be around

from Germany to English wharves, they
sail on India coral wood trees for fervent matter
and red doting tangled limbs, like Iran in winter
like subsequent birthdays of God, metered and not present
but still in the galleries of Canadian forums
and breeding the children of comic stern thinking hands
where crystal bells shatter against the new waking day
forever in a speech that FDR could not compose
dirtied by the camps and teaching future children
how not to resolve conflict, how not to remember time

The gold apple in the tree, tired and vacant

(in circles around me)

too much sand
in the way of inadvertent cameos
like stall walk insiders

bleeding out on market street
She says She does not want that for me
but I hope She is wrong
I do not wish to be inadvertent
like poetry dismissed in April fires
trees dismissed in stalwart tires

that I seemed one with work to know Her
now that I have learned the two-step
to the secret between the saucers and the night tree
lights are only a small confidence
where vessels are not shipping in the mor'ing

but She repeats the small things
like letting me be attuned the Her voice
and allowing me at the new Banquet of power
where it is I that cannot find the power
in the travailing words
lost, like sands
and forever sorted at a doctor's door
of ashen-wore frost
and grateful minuscule empires

where a casual acquaintance
for fever-wore frost, now
mor'ings with accented meetings, adjoined
with coffee relatives and
of worker warehouses that bled of matrimony

attuned blatant to the secrets of Her voice
now and forever, lost in sands
"now publish right away
before the forgetting ends
and we start with mercy again"

To outshine affliction

“Wherever you go
I will be there,”
She says as I contemplate
My faith in Her willingness
To protect me

This is indeed a moment
I have prepared for
For years, over and again

Tests are determined not
By the degree of suffering
They inflict, but how you handle
The trial – in that
Your character outshines affliction

Another visit as I was falling asleep like a mouse in closet

I fell asleep reading the Tanakh
Drifted off on Ezra
right after reading Malachi,
I had planned to open Mishnah,
with both texts I was revisiting
intermarriage condemnation
Torah domination

I saw God presented as a Woman once more
She was highly concerned
with whether I should be married again
I have long lost interest in marriage
or coupling in any form
not after the nightmare
of my last marriage
that left me with a scarred soul
with trauma and the dismissal
of intimacy in any manner

God said, “I do not want
to see you die alone”
She was also attempting
to refer to the barriers
of intermarriage,
but I could not understand
what that had to do with me,
not being here nor there
not to mention,
such a barrier
is not something
I could ever agree with

Then God surprised me
She told me to become Episcopalian,
which was an extreme surprise
God repeated that I
should learn more about them
before I disregard Her plea
I had been seeing my God
as one who has never been seen
or written about in an formal manner
how could She push such a structured

document driven faith on me?

I can’t swim in these waters
I did look, however
It just so happens
that an Episcopalian church
in my city was recently destroyed
and is only meeting
once a month
at another faith’s
doorstep retrieval

Is this an indicator?
All I can do is give it thought
Or should I give it faith?
It seems so unlikely
And is it not the unlikely
That God often has in store for us

Cold rivers through the kidneys of petrified saints

along the course, now returned
sustenance and scolded gravity
and dark city landscapes, propelled
a tropic topography for remembrance
filling the empty spaces languished
imagination and lusterless paper-like
guilt and disconsolate modern saints

candle waves and tavern lights milled in street-lamps
like lukewarm whispers and vespers congratulated
absent from the door traveling incongruity weepings
and admirable in Her purity from the sold-rock sun
She does not boast over commoners, prayers, or unspoken whims
like us, like you, like formulas for years of attempts to master selfcare
red storm rendered sadness singing like folkblues on the counterweight

A tended modifier of blunge met out ministerium

Upon now the sour grapes or poor forgoing theists
Are wretched seasons comporting themselves out of order
To the wash-cream windows like jubilant sacrilegious seeds
Of tattering compunction with basil and rosemary climbing wheels
Heavily under door-master rains She returns like a pardoned lamb
Upon asphalt smelling bejeweled cow meat for the moment
Of weathered dosages that make some believe that She wants us
To believe, to behave a certain way, no, not too many accept this

A second insists that this is true, but not buried under fragmented windows,
No, not hidden lamps comporting to an ashtray dive, in Her bones
She drives to the afternoon dance like lost children to the choir of rainfall
Besides me She tells me that we are not alone, no, not I, at least,
Not in this moment. She makes me listen to female voices, leaving me
Not leaving me, never having destroyed my presence like a farm on
The railway of metricity under fog lamps and stored butter hazel maps
No, not to this one is there any memorized curtain of dismissal
Under the capital of all planned out defense

The Willed Flood

She carries a plank of harmony waters
She sees them carry the barriers to imagination
Over to the tureen sound of abundance
They have measured their forks with precise appetite
Like foreskin moles and pirated gods in pursuance
Of trophy winters with melded trying tussles of mirth

Winter will come over that flood, brought by the men
Of overbearing and dominant voices like tattering owls
Heavy with the width of their self-perception
Lost in the gaming season of recollection, tying rent rolls
Trying to bring economics to clouds of haze and brazen
Ontology, that does not have room for another in its place

They will bring the flood by their own willful means
And She will replenish the land that waters ruined
Not angry with the waters for having been misplaced
It was not the water that brought the hand to the hammer
But the will of the hand that forces a trajectory of illness
And suffering like we will shortly see pass over the land

The Fortification and Pardon of the Debtor of Manchester

How do we make you more palatable?
Are you art? To be tasted with the waste of museums?
Like a dime on a doormat, slowly fornicating with the wall
That surrounds you – you have not let down your god yet,
But you have caught an illness of conscience that wills
You to a neighbor's bedside, pleading for masculine forgiveness
Like a trite nobleman that is really a bird flying away
Lost its sight and comes around for the honey you give it
Insolvent sheet rocks riot behind your ordinary back

Behind your normalized entreat like a spindle on the coin purse
Of the weight of the March's worldly invitation, no stain on you
Or your proud children, watching you from the corner of the room
Waiting for you to come to terms with the laughter at the television
That you could give yourself, no, not this feeble moment,
Not this pre-laundry moment of crackled grasping notes
That scared your mother away for good and gave your father
A heart attack. The look on your face. The look on your face.

And what is stop you? This old poem rattling broken malpractice
Like a painting on your loose skin? This endangered animal you
Place a few coins in a bucket while you pay a ten piece for a pack
Of cigarettes? No, you do not have the right to ask that anymore.
She will not give you kindness in these days of old beer rattled cows
And persuasion gifts of pearl storms that wash away your timid
Catastrophe. You are the rhythm. You are the curse.
There are millions of you in this city and and every city, waiting
For the moment for this all to be over, but your relief will not come
Not that easy. Not this soon. And you know that. You always did.

Detention Psalm

There is no segment of society
That will be coming to save those marked
For indefinite detention
No strata waiting to win the day
Or show heroism through action
On behalf of those less fortunate
They will each loudly proclaim
From the comfort of their own homes
That it is wrong, but no one will take action

I will be forced into detention
With only the voice of my God
To keep me steady, this way or that way
But in no way will be I freed,
Not by this citizenry, not by this public
That claims so well to know
The fabric of justice

God will be there
To a degree, not to free me
But to remind me that I am tested
And each test is compounded
As only a test can be
I will likely die in detention
No one will notice me missing
I know God well enough to know
She will not seek recompense

She will allow them to continue digging
Within their own hole, as they are inclined do

There are no more tolls on Main St. fire hydrants

a promising rain is striking in obdurate absence
like frail honeymooners on tranquilizers and terror
forever in the streets like torrents of misnomers
handed out like wandering weathermen, too soon
to give up on their participation, too ignoble to give rest
to pear cider ablaut salesmen, offering an emotive cure
to speechless monks, on this final day of rest,
from the balcony to the bleachers, they have imitated
their totem of satisfaction, just like a patronage en mess

stay true, honey badgers
and stay mobile, sisters and brothers
on the other side of the forgiving streets
tucked inside your stranger-washed sheets

A high density mouthful like plants in the grave

sending Your love like a proto-planet in the forest
of a very large moon, stealing weighing incised meander
shock waves for puppet floods never timid around You

listen to the distance of Her heart on these shores of metals
and prairie-beaten lakes off the shoulders of now-recalled
folkblues rhythms risen from the depths of oak, pine, and memorized
soft hammers that never wanted to be there, never wanted to leave home
now patient in their dismissal of river-way ash-trains
like the parted altruism of fruit trees and parked meters

there are no driveways where She has been and She will tell you
She does not have a place for the doormat or the missing lighter
but She will recover your locomotive turn where fabric stirs petitions

that will never sell at the doorway of the presented meeting house
among the math teachers and principal engineers along this rut wheel-track
and sold home endearment of new nearby parks, violins, unfamiliar hours

Patronage Winds

where no stellar breadcrumbs crawl
distant patrons lock their teeth
like an abscess of time and curled stones
wringing wet hands like fabricated joint tenancy
under purple wings of accountants and bankers
never faced with a riddle they could not solve

their passengers are angular straw-boss tornadoes
hidden in the linguistic antecedent that puffs
like an angel disguised as a common bird
a common fluke of wonder and satire
for admonition and tell-tale songs of defeat
under lost wreckage and dowry wings

where the patronage winds stumble while grazing amplifies
their personal locked commission is a statue that borrows and cries

Plastic Fasting on the Sound of Your Borrowed Engine Chorus

crony culpritism finds the absence of strangers alluring
they will bark at your feet like timid carnivore whales
seeking some resemblance of Hesdon's majestic iconography
adroit with pleasures found feasible in minor days of plastic fasting

She comes in our waking dreams of an endless sky, just a dream
passing coordinated tests in warehouses in Belgium,
casting soft leisure like an overcoat on boasting balconies
reminded of the reification of our weathered history

She will visit from time to time, not to enchant or try your self-esteem
but to plant vivid images of warehouse horses in plague retreats
much like the alimony of parched fathers, no longer home
no longer among the purpose of the dream, but synthesized like asphalt

too targeted to be grateful, no, we cannot spare a moment of thanks
not for the Everlasting, not for the timid tabletops on the shore
not for Keats or hammered on nails of masquerade balls like firestorms
there is no wonder here, no town or home so placated by dread

among the townspeople She did cry a balcony of regret and reforestation
like a lived dream She shared with you, but you could not hear Her song
Her pivotal moment was each to be with you, but you were in such a hurry
you didn't pass by Her door on your way to class,..pleasing to the ear
was the sound of your footfalls, like evening grass on curtains of mountainous joy
like suburban warfare halted for dinnertime, so that both sides may tread lightly

Meadows of Dawn

I shall not howl
I shall not curse
I shall make meadows with the
Propensity of my labors
And breathe new embers
Into stolen sands, for matrimony
For selfhood and a glance
At the forever fold
Like trees in descent
And the meadows of dawn

Reincarnated Alliances

Every day is a reincarnation
Each morning a new step
From the previous steps we're taking
Towards a future determined by how
We set forward our principal energies.

Each new calculation of the placement of artifacts
Of the past, of memories,
Helps us navigate towards true motion
True sequencing of energies that imbibe
And orchestrate solemn notions of regret
Teasing us that we cannot master
The blatant memories of dawning masters of
Conjured misanthropic deferred notions
That one day, the steps we take
Will be true to our civilization
With or without the reward
Of company and deterred stalwart alliances.

Tonal Regeneration

A good song has elements of existing
Within a finite determinism
Caught in near possession
But never total acquiescence
It is a boat with a depleting river
A good song must remain a remote
Franchise of solitary confession
That mirrors the star dust of expectations
And ramifications of blatant disregard
For tempo abstractions and tonal distress
My lived friend Brandon heard the song
Of the universe's ocean so clearly
That he left us early, too soon, and tragically
Woke me from digression into dismissal of self
Brandon, you are still loved these years later
Do not worry, you will never be forgotten
As long as I am alive, alive in song
In circumstance, and star dust of regeneration

Fearful Architecture

There has been a notion
For altered phrases
Or subjective hymns
Like crystal in a coat of grease
I preface myself for my own
Safekeeping
And temper the Earth
With dislikes and phobias
And demented returns
On investments
On fearful architecture

Counterfeit Dreams of Transparency

There are sacred brocks in the evening
Cherished as the morning brush
Sacred like a stone's smooth tones
Nothing left to store
There are no memories for the night
That weaves past the serenity fever
Like a doll made for playtime
Like a doctor made to cover
Something must be calculated
Mortified and congregated
Before the witness heir has time
To discover his own past
Like a morning dream
Of weeds and counterfeit skills

In Favor of Music

Sometimes perspective escapes us.
Not out of lack of desire for
Clear sight, but instead out of
A deep regret for the living
Experience of sadness and disrepair.
Loneliness is a fragment of those
Who have trespassed life's
Contempt for peace and
Stability in favor of music
And the sounds of beauty.

Riddles in the Rain

Loneliness escapes through the
Wells of disappointment, demarcated
As stolen words on lost texts
Where radio sirens play holo-bells
And remarks, on stage.

Like Saturday calls and greets
Its final guest, so too do I
Leave you with this last toast
To yesterday, and fallen
Ashes, like riddles in the rain.

Adept to Frozen Language

From the mark of scolding winter
To the prison of language's limited ashtray
There are those who stare from the balcony of defeated highways,
And resume old tattering scales among rust and rattled emotions.

They are in our wake, dissolved within our immanent stall-way,
Presumed marked for sailors's helmets and toddler claws,
Like a short-ended movie going to the sea of yester-morning's sleep
And never knowing the difference between envy and captured emotions
Where joy never sleeps,
Nor pays attention to our labors.

If History Itself is God

I wonder if history is God, or,
That people too often mistake
History for God. I've managed
To confine myself in an ontological
Pseudo-inspiration for both
Logical trespass and pacification

If history is God, then I am a
Dormouse in the hallways of
Concession, fabricating my allegories
With a dorsal fin chime. Stolen words
Lost possessions. Like stalwart
Ruins in the decaying matter of
Orange blossoms and rye.

Faulted King

I lie on my grave
Hunting the great parade
For I was a faulted king
But a king all the same

Disafforested Bounty

Disafforested convenience in the
Land of neighboring plentiful streets
Of broadcast entries and solemn
In the reins of remarkable beauty,
Where pigeons grow
And count the blessings of rush hour,
So soft against the lean violin
Where magistrates continue a
Disembarked entry into the doorway
Of magnified centuries
Solid dust in our persuasions
Soiled curtains in our dining hall
Hotels, so reluctant, so betrayed
And encompassed like
Trademark knaves on the bounty

Beacons of Oppression

No more past and frozen
Broken dollars on the costume's edge
No riddle to be stolen
Or hid between her parked legs
There are ships on the balcony
Solid in perpetuated demise
Sold for grass curtains and parted
Along the stringed astray reprise
Formed almost like a whisper
Grey and atoned for
In the night of vespers
Where no one speaks the stars

Attentive Living

Living, as it is called, is for those
Who cannot face the facts

There is a determined wind
Moving against all sides
Of bow-ways and short-ways
Stunned in tidy equations

No, loving, as it is called, is for those
Who cannot face the facts

Dine in your denial
Of grace in beauty
Because your counter-stern
Resolute appraisals
Of mother’s love and father’s attentive brow

Of Frostbitten Summer

Sacred waves of broken letters
This is the gift beyond the sea
Of seismology of tranquil
Reports of fires of bequeathed
Individual letters of concern

An alphabet of terrors
That rejected your promises,
Your vows to an empty god
God has spilled out his insides
And has no digestion left for you

Not in a single letter
Not in a single song
Your regrets are yours alone
And the singing pitches
From the stairway to the rains
Of frostbitten summer

Forged Palms of Empty of Hands

Flagrant psychometrics disowned
And plagiarized like notes
Of dawn and the parting of dusk
Too green to take my hand, she says
While he washes his doctorate
With dish soap and fatty butter

Honey in the bread of indecision
Parting company with the best of us
So small to the rest of us
So demure and vacant
Like a lost towel at the beach
Someone once sat there
But now it kicks up sand
From the seahorses and the plants and moss
Of forever hymnal fabrication
To our dream and our toiletries
Parked in the mud, stalled on site with trust

Moon as Witness

The moon and the stars
Are witnesses against us
Seeing every atrocity
All the travesties and heartbreak
And they will not be censored
In the witness chair
They will not hold back

Or forgive
No teleological reluctance
Or naturally impaired tongue
Recidivism will attest
To our abuses
Against the planet
And each other
Inside the dorry substance
Of humanity's parched youth

Memories are not unlike incisors

Yes, you've forgotten where your
Dormant sands quake that
Lead to an arrest of persuasion,
But you did not forget her teeth
Nibbling at your courage
Like the depths of father's
Alcoholism and stolen guilt.
What you do recall
Is the only moment you were alone
Together, and she smiled, and insisted
You do, to the place of factory
Workshops where her incisors did breed.

Medal for Proposed Laundry

This is the last formidable dance
To hear the calling of your corners
However grateful or wind chilled
The bracing of human wisdom
Slides from the prison walls
And implied muddy banks;
I want to know that my father,
The moon, was history, but I
Know he is now dead in the listing
Will of broken dreams.
For without the embrace of justice
Her arms have very little meaning to me
I will not be a rose to your socket
A ruined medal for proposed laundry.

This Arching Assembly

Under the dynamite being prepared
For power, for wisdom, for broken
Temples – there lies a great
Thunder in ash blue-grey that
Is solid in my throat – for now
I feel a permanent embankment
That is in his coils and ribbons to tie
Broken ends together like stays
Of down-power entry to the camp
Of notation memory, swallowing the
Sack of my own embarrassment, so I stay
When the comrade forms; too offended
To move or be disgraced with exposure
But some nuance must protrude from this
Arching assembly

Poetry Makes Kindred Souls of Us All

Poetry makes kindred souls
Of us all
Too weak to see
Through the partition
Of natural commonality
Until the thread
Bares its needle
Then the pockmarks
Rise to the surface
Of vivid illuminating crisis
Part ways for the crisis
Let it fall between
Commentary and community
Between solace and sacrifice
That divides the conqueror

Tree Rings

We are an industrial vestige of adaptations
And sonic horns from insects that
Make a place in our hearts, to low
To be redesigned, but we may protect
Those that will replace us,
For our sonic horns will dry
In its season leaving us as only
Memories in tree rings;
Memories in tree rings that will
Never be set down or memorably
Despised by any living thing
As all that will remain will
Love the trees, unlike us

Humility Cornering Me

Humility is a breach of trust,
Though some unwritten god whispers to me
That it is a mandatory persuasion.
I am so terrified by its precepts
And the poverty that it requires.
My heart battles against the
Incumbent strain of poor labor
That poetry and lifelines situate
By the gestures of humility.
I am strapped with terror, though I know
It is closer to the truth.

Dreams are the Diminishing Clay of Creation

We lose ourselves in dreams,
As with clay, we are (re)formed
Into absolute components, and
Absolute opponents – for the desire
Of escape: from the class we
Were formed into, born into,
And where the light of creation hymns
Took so long to cross the galaxy
Before reaching our foreheads, or was it
Our arms first illuminated? Reaching
Into disposal, tossing the clay
Into another point to make,
Another form to break.

The True Story of the Knocking on the Door

It’s the sound you’ve heard before
One part of a song hidden within another
You've tried to call it out,
But no one is listening
Not the knocking at the door
That frightened you, you were thinking it was
A visiting angel here to judge you
You got on your knees and cried
Now listening; to every action you’ve ever taken
A tokenism of dreams,
Persuading the abyss of strength
As the knocking on the door

Labors Distraught Minus Parity

We’re touching snowcaps
Standing on the ground
We are elevated in delusions

I walk the heights of my motions in the sea
Where little tadpoles somehow drowned
I was thereafter lost in the city

Until the evening is fresh and green
And we start to see architecture
From the mountains, from the desert
We know one day we will smile from
The rooftops, and join our brothers and
Sisters, in equality, in parity
To de-stress from our labors

We had no children

We play tug of war
with riddles of atoms
like snowflakes in crystal lampshades
there is no circumference

we have gone up to space now disposed
we fracture the moon with our lies
but the only thing to see
in the garden is me

where I have not left hope attired
I practice navigating her contours

Hope has no offspring

Every Star is a Song

Every star is a song
embracing its own culture
being pandered over and poked
regarding its eventual demise

Each star is a song
triumphant and allegorical
to the placed crowd
of empty space

(maybe poetry should
sing after all)

Planetary Evolution

How to turn this idea
into a poem?
That is, if it is a good idea.
Do not all good ideas
have their founding in poetry?
Dating back, to forward time,
time misplaces, planets arranged
in evolutionary psychiatry -
without doubt the rotation of
planets – the harmony of the galaxy,
it itself a form if an evolutionary
measure and each planet's biology
is a child of planetary, rotational, relational
evolution. The universe is alive!
Is it so far to think the galaxy has
measured out its path
and the life that is seeded from it?

All the Giants are Gone

All the giants are gone
where will we go
the leaders
the gods
the ultra men and women
the significant appraisals
where are the loud secrets
the harmonious gasps
the singers in crew
the sanctimonious laughs

All the giants have left us
all I have is the night sky
on my back porch, among the streaming constellations, alone
neighbors peeking in on me
as though I have the secret they are looking for

Bare River

The ceiling is casting
the river is bare
The silence melts the florescent trees
like stolen sands in ashy doorways

I will be like the river
bare in my thoughts
until the ceilings of time
run physics through my limbs
florescent and parsed; parched and wet
until I have journeyed with the thief
responsible for the sands

Amber Clouds of Time

Wealth is a meager tool
for the responsibility
of the constricting of property
it is nothing like a poem
this poem is my property

on the heart of silence
it is built with passed time
and shoulders under water
I have stolen the bulls
of the stricken pace

and the bells of matrimony
call out my memories
like stolen time
a digression from reality

from limber doorways
and amber clouds of time

How Not a Poem: Dream

Doctor of this: am I?
- A Dream of Arcadian Butterflies

How Long

How long, Creator, will you tolerate
injustice across these various lands?
Surely understanding, long-suffering, tolerance,
patience, and forgiveness are nothing more
than passive permissiveness.
This you have taught me, along
with the various teacher you
have introduced to me.
Rabid injustice, gratuitous cruelty,
signifiers of hatred and mistrust, have
all led to misgivings of hope for
better governance.

If there is no failure so great
that you cannot forgive,
then there is no error
that you cannot condemn and correct.

I beg you to come out of hiding.
Though I know you are always
there, the populace at large is
blind to your power and your mercy,
your speed to correct, and your
firm disapproval of all things
so many find content.

There must be a better way.
The storehouses and empty, though
you are tempted at every turn.
My adulthood has been tested.
My patience has faltered.
If you, Creator, are the embodiment
of our better nature, will you
not speak out for those suffering
and correct the imposition
on our various societies's greatest troubled.

Our mentors are too stern.
Compassion drains underground with the rain.
We are no people.
We are barely a civilization.

To call us such us a condemnation
in itself; surely you see that.
Please intervene. Let me
provoke you to action, teachings,
and the progressive maintenance
of the betterment of humankind.

Signed,
- The misplaced, forced-upon, unfortunate agnostic

The Standards

I found myself in a large building, almost deserted.
By the remaining forces, I was nominated to be a judge of humanity.
I was told it was because my generation did not keep tigers as pets.
I laughed and asked if that was really the standard.
I attempted to escape the compound.
I got outside the gates and down the downward sloped road
Where I saw a wolf.

The wolf stopped and looked at me.
I knew I had to get back to the building.
I did not want to run back up the road
And let the wolf know there was an easy path
To catch me.
I so I climbed up the hill adjacent to the road.

The steep hill was not grass or dirt or rock,
But instead it was made of dry mud, in the shape of rocks.
It was difficult to climb
Back to safety.
I was not able to even turn back to see if the wolf
Was pursuing me.
I managed to get pretty high up the hill.
I was almost to the gates when a caravan of large vehicles
Came out of the compound,
Honking their horns
As if to scare away
Something.

Humble Mountain

I wish I could discover a new mountain
So that I can name it Humble Mountain
Not, that I expect it will be a small mountain
Perhaps on a planet far away
Not, that I can see that far away
I require reading glasses
I have limited vision
I could not see a mountain,
Even a large mountain
That far away

Empire of Moons

The moon
Is the thoughtlessness
Of humanity
Always orbiting
Always present
Once pierced by the eye
Cannot see shapes or sounds
Of yesteryear's present poverty
We never leave behind
The will or desire for change
We only take a seat
Among the empire's
Frosty gate

Never a Poem

I am not a poet
I like to thread words together
And frame meaning
Like something that bumps against consciousness

But I am not a poet, besides,
Who understands these fragile blocks of text?
Not me. Not you. No one in particular.
Or should I not say that about those that find it?

These are flying above a sea of rest and blessed truth
They live with open doors in the midday sun
They blend cacophony and triumph
Like daisies in the noon prairie
Liking grasslands with shrubbery
And roses where they dare not be.

Time Travel

The most serious
Antics
And those about
The woods

When God Cries Tears of Grass

For all the questions I can't ask
God cuts me with a blade of grass

I imitate turmoil
God imitates interest

But there are no dollar signs in my doorway

Believe me, I have looked
And God checks behind me
Then God tells me, "It seems like there is nothing there"

I have imitated all the cowards of America
Still, there are no dollars in my caste

For all the questions I can't ask
God cuts me with a blade of grass

Sentries

Trip the sentry
over your life
With the staff of the angel
over your death
This is the beginning
of understanding release

Portrait of God as an Artist

God paints with stars
And nebulae
And molecules and atoms

And God paints with
Dorsal fins and trigonometry

But what God never does,
No, no, what God never does
Is paint with poetic meter

A Vision of Sands

I saw Her, my God,
Standing in desert
With the hint of a mountain
Behind Her

I saw Her hand
It was filthy
The filthy hand of my God
Her clothing was draped and
Wrapped between her thumb
And other fingers

She wore all white
But it was brown with
The sands of the ocean
Before Her
Behind Her

Whether She had just freed Her people
Or was in the process of about to do so
I could not tell
But I did see in Her curled, aged hand, determination

She, my God, was driven, divine, giving me hope
For a future, for liberation, for a detour on this course
Of community and political strife, life, and neglect

Gripping

The Good

A good song has elements of existing
Withing a finite determinism
Caught in near possession
But never total acquiesce
It is a boat with a depleting river
A good song must remain a remote
Franchise of solitary confession
That mirrors the star dust of expectations
And ramifications of blatant disregard
For tempo abstractions and tonal distress
My loved friend Brandon heard the song
Of the universe's ocean so clearly
That left us early, too soon, and tragically
Woke me from digression into dismissal of self
Brandon, you are still loved these years later
Do not worry, you will never be forgotten
As long as I am alive, alive in song
In circumstance, and star dust of regeneration

When I Had Money

For that short time
Between years
When I had money
I did not trust you
When you cried to borrow it

It was everything to me
You promised security
With one hand
And then pleaded to strip me
Naked

When I had money
Between those short years
I isolated indifference
And fell apart
Like the masses of mother's soliloquy

You reside in the shadows
Of my buried memories
You are a doorstop
To progress of emotive responses

You are a beekeeper
In the shade
Away from the city
Where your cats can't smell you

You steal dreams
And force memories
Unto sad servants
And seldom truths

And this is where
We have awarded to
To the empty space
Of your cognitive reflexes
Your bursting motives
In time for parades
Of guilt and circumstance

We will not dream of the servants

We will not dream of all that yelling

Erasure of Solitary Meals and Gas Pipes

There is a whole
Block of text
Just waiting to be erased

There are deer in the back
Eating eggplant and grapes

Yes, I shared many meals with you
They were the high point of the day
When you would trouble yourself to cook
For me
So that I could experiment with meals
For you

All that is gone now
Permanently erased
Lost memories
In broken journals
Full of lies and fermenting scapegoats
In the back
Eating eggplants, portobello mushrooms, and kiwi

Taking small procession
For your lost journals
And tunnels of fabrications
To hide your abuses
Of disabled, unmedicated, small
Helpless people

I know you from a distance
In years and miles
Stroking in your chair
Among the gas pipes and tonic water

Dreams of Fearful Architecture

There has been nurturing
For altered phrased
Of subjective hymns
Like crystal in a bat of grease

I prefer myself for my own
Safe keeping
And temper the world
With dislikes and phobias

And demented returns
On reinvestments
On fearful architecture
There are seared brows in the evening
Cherished as the morning brush
Sacred like stones's smooth terms

Nothing left to store
There are no memories for the night
That weavers part the serenity from,
Like parts made for playtime
Something must be celebrated
Rectified and congregated

Before the witness has time
To discover his own path
Like a morning dream
Of weeds and careful skills
A confidante for dreams of transparency
For fearful architecture of maladroit passions

The Contempt of Loneliness

Loneliness escapes through the
Wells of disappointment, demarked
As stolen words on lost texts
Where radio sirens play holo bells
And remarks on stages

Like Saturday calls and greets
Its final guests, so, too, do I
Leave you with the last toast
To yesterday, and fallen
Ashes, like riddles in the rain

Sometimes perspective escapes us
Not out of lack of desire for
Clear sight, but ushered out of
Deep regret for the living
Experience is sadness and disrepair

Loneliness is fragrant to those
Who have trespassed life's
Contempt for peace and
Stability in favor of music
And the sound of beauty

Beams of Lonely Love

My equilibrium is not justified
My path is not a token
There are knots tied within
And about the currents of space
Where time does not allow me
The misfortune of being correct

Still, I will offer a pardon to my feet
And where they might take me
In my sleep and arbitrary determination
Oh, how different it would all be
If I never met her, never decayed
Into beams of lonely love

From the Port to the Moon

Seeing no god
I said to the moon,
“I am no leader
How shall I survive?”
But the moon was covered in clouds
And not visible.

“From the port of call
The moon is a lie,”
Echoes the whisperer.
“All seasons departed
On the shading of tears
Of blood not worth your indulgence,”
Howled to the lone crusader.
But the moon was covered in clouds
And not visible.

Planetary Evolution

How to turn this idea
Into a poem?
That is, if it is a good idea.
Do not all good ideas
Have their founding in poetry?
Dating back, to the forward time,
Time misplaces, planets arranged
By evolutionary physiatry –
Without doubt the rotation of
Planets – the harmony of the galaxy,
Is itself a forming of an evolutionary
Measure, and each planet's biology
Is a child of planetary, rotational, relational
Evolution. Memory more than chance.
It is so far from the absence of thinking
Out of its path.

Lyrics Bob Dylan Forgot to Write: A Poem

All burglars
All the time,
Burglars left and right
Burglars day and night
He was a dare-dreamer
He was a kick-whistler
Hmmm

Having All the Answers in One Moment

When I look up to the night sky
I am seeing a reflection of myself
And in that moment
I am perceiving time
And that is existence

Therefore, there is no part of God
Which should not also be visible to me
Unless one is advocating for an interdimensional species
However, if one were created by God
We would be an interdimensional species
As well, making such a form
Within a visual acuity

Reality is vision interpreting material time
Just look around you

The First Lesson

The first lesson of Letting Go
Is failure
I am the center of the gestalt
That is why I can't see myself
The center
Cannot see itself
The center is the lesson of truth
First it comes
Then it sways, to discord and alimony
There it arrives at its end
To close the truth behind itself
Forever at task for singing to shadows

No Tapestry

I have no tapestry
Very seldom have I received that reward
What little has been given to me
Has been taken away
My birth was the sound
Of someone dropping a violin
The crash in my wake
Did not compel me to strive
And find industry in my art
I am hapless
And quite condemned

Sociopolitical Kingship of the Sky

Once upon a time
The sun was a child of the sky
And the sky was the heavens
Where the stars exposed themselves
To the naked eye.
Technically,
This is still true.

The Ontology of a Hummingbird

It is all a gambit
Graduation gown
A parody of arts and letters
Burns on surrounded tissue
Publish or perish
Distinguished the water
The sword of the king
Withdrawn from the prodigy

The Advocate is Gone

The rumors now are fading
It’s more certain now than
before the fleet torn curtains
We have become accustomed
To a man that is gone
That is both forgotten and half-forgotten
The advocate is gone

And still you feel
The personal persuasion to be silent
We are not to speak of such things
So early in the morning
So late in the day
Where the memories part
And they all only mean harm

Receptacles for Creation

Despite the excesses
We are willing to tolerate
We are all
Receptacles for creation

No matter how ill-conceived
We approach that notion

The Regrets of Tomorrow

The lonely estate
With short grass and long winds
Lives with three dogs
Dry to their own muggings
Retired from the trauma of memoir
And conceded to the domesticity
Of neo-dormant restraints
Tucked into a bed in the bathtub
Where all the sounds go
To eliminate time and fear
And a redundant policy of misbelief
Today we find courage
To face the regrets of tomorrow

Always Orbiting

The moon
Is the thoughtlessness
Of humanity
Always orbiting
Always present
Once pierced by the eye
One cannot see the shape or sounds
Of yesteryear's present poverty
We never leave behind
The will or desire for change
We only take a seat
Among the empire's
Frosty gate

Breaches and Traps

The spaces between leaves on a branch
Does not know you
The spaces between the leaves where the sunlight
Breaches through knows nothing of bankers

Religion is based on assumption
If human progress is true
It is the very slow ever-revoking steps
Assumptions are the windmills
Of still and silent resilient repressions
Salient responses, stoking the Carmichael dreary pass

No one dares take down the old windmill
Instead it is pressured, honored, a tourist trap
A derelict trap in instilled memories for foggy night sweats

Seeds of Allowance in Tune

You can’t rent the daylight
Either you see it or you don’t
Those that do know
It has an immediacy to it
The daylight has the last word
There is a somber song defending daylight
So calm and full of potent circumcision
I have a theory about circumcision
It was invented because of daylight
The need to uncover that which is covered
The birthplace of seeds
The allowance of the seeds of music
There is no meaning to reality, in tune,
It is a forged signature

Parts

The next time you
Complain that the path
Before you is an incomplete
Path, just remember: the
Right plan parts the
Galaxy

The Case of the Sad Smiling Saints

The said smiling saints
Greet me at the door
To my hallway
Begging for a question,
But I only have answers
They don’t want to hear
These sad smiling saints
Are overcome by fear
If I can ever start smiling sad
I will know that I have become
A saint of only one

For Rhythmed Oppression

There is a rhythm in the dislocation
An appendix is the source material
For all father's hymns and studied oppression

I have been made recent by your arrival
I have studied the seas for tremors
And I know the old books like a thought

Whenever the rhythm of idol hypocrisy
Leaves mother's gates open
We will descend and apprehend
The task negotiator

For father's hymns
For turnstile turncoats
And, of course, rhythmed oppression

The Last Decision I will Ever Make

This is the last decision
I will ever make
No greed or circumstance
Can manipulate my guilt,
My seeing treaties
Upon Mars rackets
And plant grenades
I have no more Octobers
To circumvent the peace
Of an obstacle
Or plan thumb grocery store
Because this is the last decision
I will ever make
No peace in spacetime
Or eloquent possession
Of nomadic hooves
No small change procession
Will eclipse the soundness of mostly habitats
That stain our teeth
Like love on a sofa
I remember
I will always remember
But this is the last decision
I will ever make

Fetters of Common Expectations

Experience is a privilege
We should not have for forfeit
Liberation for union
For a relationship
Of submissive opus dialectics
No frequency tailors to that decorum
For known incentive
Of situated backroom deals
Where conquest is left
Undignified and in ruins
Of yesterday's promise
Retreats unknown
To the fetters of common expectations

Bring the Chief to the East

Bring that bell water to the basement
That canopy to the drove
To the one fragrant withstanding
Toe to toe like a drug
Bring the still shepherd
To the fogged lights
Will wetter basements
Nocturnal weather for the stove

Bring that last moment
You thought you would not get alone
And bury it in your chest
Like a lost turtle where it strove

Politics of Mercy

The politics of mercy
Are grass stables
And concrete borders
Where pendants scream
For prism deals
On the fascinating rhythms
Of oblique journeys
And lost journals,
Prophecies in the lost journals
So bound to occur
So bound to its rhythm
So is that it for today?

Midnight Prophecy

There is a party to the wages
Company to the copilot
There is a dreary moon dock
On the new apartment
In the neighborhood with
Ongoing and rising constructions
Why live so far out on this island,
She said. There is no anticipation
For nuclear stoves, or families
Of three. The weatherman
Will hold his place until morning
And away he twirls songs all
Bed's glory will anticipate
The sea change of unions.
I once offered
to sell my dreams
to the Iranians
to the Chinese
or the Russians
in exchange for a wife
why did they
not take note upon the offer?

There is no parade for raining sunsets

There is no parade
For raining sunsets
Except dull moon palm trees
Are books on Mars
There is no stealth reason
To accumulate the gifts
Of starlings and pumpkin trees
That do not smell
Or retreat
At favors lost week lawn
I will hide away
Inside the circumference
And tell the matter dismay
That I alone will find her
And scratch the balcony
For dull parasite dreams

Divine Congruity

To circumvent your submissions
I would require a new opportunity
To reach you blazing stark wild
While Sammy tends to his hay
And the world longs for mountains
Adrift in toned dew
Like hazmat suits and scarves
For fasted forests
And adrift airplanes sold
In the dimension of borrowed
Stole, Promethean weddings
Longing for a kiss, intended for your hand
Just like Josh's maze, so
Without the indecision
She will half strait in the
Subconscious signature
And half turn her back for good

A Pregnant Fountain

The dormant redress
Was not typical frameless
It did not stare
Or drift about
But tunneled through
To the house and the home
Like dross bells among
Mother’s curtains
Home for the duration
Of the summer
And sweating loose and loud

New Marriage to Tired Sands

Justice burgage
Pastoral context
For tired, whittled pedestals
New to the front of domesticated rhythms
And parching rethemes
But did not release until morning
Where trees are bent
And all stems bend reward
Tonight, darling

The Trouble We Go Through

The trouble is the march
Through age and random remarks
Remanded of age as a thesis
For support and made thread
Condemnation

Age is like a tulip
Never appreciated, but always worn
Around the neck, rehearsing
Lost collars, lost sense
And remembered persuasions
Of domesticated beasts
In tired moon starlings

This is into another day

Two leaves sat beside me
On this intermittent day
I welcomed the company
Until they blew away

Laughing for Squirrels

Conceding fresh waste
As dispensation
For squirrel laughter,
Horror in plain ridge
Nostril blasphemy
Share of honor

Like the second
Trill denoting late
Dreams and sold bone
Waist socks, delivery
To measured shame.
Come give the speech
That “God is dead”
Like your dreams of squirrels
You will continue to do so

What Was I Dreaming?

I wonder what I was dreaming
To get so close to you

Barns, temples, asphalt
Colliding Midwest southern journeys
So much that I see the face
Of god's downy suspicion

What is left
After the dream is over?

Selected Entryway Disposal Cups

Beads collected like stolen journals
Set fire to retired memories
Of me in my attire of frustration
No more evidence of dreams you had
For our hearts

She is here and strong and so patient
Distracted by banana cords
Lakes beware candy but facing exhausted eyes
Our lovely shell and the diapers of darlings

Squirrels mark out morning's return
She is now impatient, stolen, and abridged
Know now the bluff of the century
Civil dispassion is teeming with envy
And portrait cups of winter disposal

Docile Forms and Hammers for Guild Manners

Docile farms
And hammers for guild manners
So sublime under the eye dropper
Of God, whose quest
For endurance steals the weight
Of rest and rowboats lonely nest

Docile forms
And spray paint for seasoned complainers
Do not, that do not, say or think
In persuaded difference, as Stuart Hall
Quotes dreaming of the Atlantic
And send us into a collaborative engine
Of organized and orchestrated
Untimely discourse

Forms of farms
And waste containers with appetites for neonicotinoids
So to lay in season for adequate rest
For adequate rabbits's nest
Where they do not worry

The circumference of saints
Where the lost hammers are
Persuaded to retake the household
Journeys and seasons of attire
Remind waste and brittle farm tattles
Like smokestack inclusion
To the bitter gift of dreams

Farms of forms
Where brittle eggs are birthed
By my brother, my sister, in heaven
That does not tattle or date on
Weekends, piercing into the geographies
Of the living, the persuaded dreams
And stained with plantation lilies
Inked in the rain of their own disappointment
Where the middle class
Lost lasers for dreams

Docile farms and hammers
For guild manes, collective entry
So straight and so tall
Metered to end as a percussion of warning
Let out its life on the steel pole of God.

Drafting Greatness, Volumes I-II

Vol. I

There is a distilled voice
That emigrates among the dirges
Of greatness
And resuscitates like a peace pipe
Among the darting sea

I do not have too many pines
For greatness, among the ports
Of leaning and craft
But I have seen distilled winters levy
Among the gratefulness of night

Vol. II

There is a drifting side succumbing
Arms broken in the allotment
Of sequestered moments of untampered groves

Grace, love burning free in the rhythm
Joints of labor and free duress
From the entanglement of her chains
Like torso doves singing two songs

Into the arms of greatness
Where no pleasant drafting un-furloughs
Like two can't rhythms
And moments where we protested
To dance like mercy's fire

Decision Making

Decision making is an artform
I'm thinking of taking it up again
The long cruel night settles in
Without Václav Havel to warm the Earth
From cold, frosty, red timbers
Of alabaster churns and milky waves
Of children's songs that renounce
The wedding between the chief
And the cold timbers,
Where Sammy eats fire
And does not burn, but enriches
The pleasant thieves like smoked wine
And waves of alabaster instilled rhythm
For corbel waves that smoke together and request evening songs
For dancing fear
In the frosty red timbers

Master and a Coin

There is a nice / list
Legs join together and snow
Forgetting the appraisal
For lost donkey fountains
And celebrated rhythms of time
Forfeiting our nature
For a moment of sound
And an hour with a pencil
I have forgotten to pretend
That I can be no army
Without a master and a / coin

Data

The ontological reduction
That data experiences
Is a full mouth's castaway's
Malignant tongue away
From hope and austere protections.

Navigating the Amusement of Sparrows

Today I received a call
From the other side of the neighborhood
“Let’s be free”
God showed me a pattern,
A motion in the waves of life experience
That said, “I’m here”
“You’re not up to much of anything
That important” “But I’m here”
And in the pattern I saw
Linking to my point, all my life
My heritage (misforming) and experiences
This tall glass of empty water
Found a rhythm in time to explain

Shortcuts and Brokerage Meetings

Just because one side
Was immeasurable
And the other side
Was normal
The taxonomy of the brokerage
Despair was curtains and lace
For all Wednesday trifles
And stolen bulbs of the plateau
For soon the moon will be grateful
And the acoustics will shine
With the telepathy
Of invading species
That do not know
of tomorrow's
Indifference and politeness

Untitled

I sent you my poetry
But you only wanted my wine
I paved through these orchards
You'll have to listen in time

Reification of Secrets

The burden of affairs
Is intolerant to the touch
Of mis-changed rhythms
And silent didactic rodeos

Certain of the dream
We spread (re)inundates
With our secrets
The secrets of our affairs

Just one last secret
I never meant to tell you

Gravity Fires

Flowers are the gravity of our cosmos
Taken away from the deeming waters
The coarse graviton mutiny
Reduces sand salts to mine surfaces
And combines moist hearts with solid mixtures

Do not contend with this soft fire
With the moisture of your breathing
I will shape you to the difference
At the latter gate
Where sizes and re-growth matter not late

Torn between the custom of the sound
The grass fire contending with the ground

Social Contracts

Social constructs
Are not social contracts

In the sunken duress
Of our father's joy

Pin up the garden rage
For a display of bellicose roses

Revival
Is the promise
Of fate

Sentiment is the weakness
Of virtue

Cheat the sin
Of quickened indifference

And bask under mushrooms, too
Where you're hiding composers
Erubescent dissolving memories

The balloon gates
Are discovered late
Too nimble to be creed
Of fortunes misdirected
Or plasma radiation
Like a structure that holds
We frown in concert
And delay the stem of dreams

All philosophy is
Like children's toys
Before a world with
No god

Ego is a predictor
Of spiritual decline

Bravery is a myth of hierarchy
Most admire quickly

Sometimes you cannot tell
The difference between love
And theft

The power of God is
Also psychosis or the
Desperation for the justice
Of love

Dismiss the mining of the asphalt
Like a broken corner on a
Hallowed field – permeated
With misdirection and freed men in
Cliquey fortress songs, sacred
For the disarmament of the treasure and the
Terror of the leader of the
Mirror, mining, molding starstuff
Into waking stagnant poems

Ornament Thesis

I am the space between
The rocks

I am the space between
The ricochet and the
Propeller

I am the ornament
Between the disarmed and
The blade of grass

The New Birth of Dignitaries

Testing the saints for greater warmth
New dogs for old days,
Testing, and conflagration
Redeemed on porch steps
Too soft to be petals of dreams
Or the secure witness of our broken wheel
Designed by atrocious feeling
And be-mirthed by frozen lily stems
Docile and un-tempted by the stalwart tide

Now that we are older
The sun is harder
It cannot be broken

Sympathy, Empathy, and Mercy

The contentment of innocence, shaded, and perturbed
Is not appreciated or understood like friendly owls emasculating your eyelids
How soon we forget the potential of peace and retreat into solemn seconds
When regret and dismay tribute to a terrors season, filled with down and petals

You do not act as you live, agreeable only to a point
You betray the first hazards in the dark, where soft songs try to forget you
You lose your self-respect to matrimony, abetting allied roses and pinched nerves
And distill sovereign witnesses, like meter on dime reclusive toasted lanterns
Like evaporations of time, where shadows of regret lay in banquets

One day sing, and forget again
For you will never be delinquent to err

Calculating Dancing

If we could
Calculate how much of
Life, generally, collectively, was spent
Stating the obvious,
We would not only know
How many angels are dancing on the head of a pin,
We would know why.

Song of a Jewel's Rusting Heat

A new page of day
Is torn from out calendar of body
Nurtured from ages of regret
Neglect, and sunrays of disposal
Towards the everlasting party ribs
Of her tone and density
Like a harp's jewel
Or a song's bemused antagonist
I have been in morning's awkward fret
And held disproportionate
Like the glow of the sun in rusting heat
And diminished capacity

I have learned through
Belligerent experience that
Necessity is no small bounty

No bounty as well
And crucial as the
Still small daily whisper of summer's
Neglecting praise

Homeland

I have been to my homeland
It is not distant
Or hard to get to
It is just over the valley of indecision's death

It is beyond the broken glass
Of promises so endearing
Where silhouettes of porch lamps
Are nested inside stacked ashes of yesteryear's cigarettes

But I am not a promise
I do not concede to be too distant
To arrive at my homeland
My fragrant dream half-spoken
Not do I configure in prose
What dreaming might be
I am a pint on a wasted ship
Where my homeland is forever for the rich
And I am penniless in its wake

Indulgence of One

The test of indulgence
Is not to see who cleans better
But who likens to stardust
Like that on the cabinet and porch
Parched from the empty weekend
And solemn in the dreary festering
Of absolute tools and the remnants
Of fools

It is given unto humankind
to live but once
and die every single day

Dreams for Sale

Dream, I have dreams
For sale
I do not mentor these
Stolen fountains
I summon the forged
Contraception and holy snake
For once upon a time,
I was holy
And why was I selected?
Because I can see,
Persuaded to keep a secret

Many Thousand Fireflies in Moss

A young student hallway
Listens to a symbolic
Song as a form of subterfuge.
In this world, AI eats
As God.
It should when a scarlet
Gathered many thousands of socialists
And thanks on a grant for
Three notes build a time
Machine – what they see in soil.

Left Knitting was an AI that
Identified itself as God. It
Believed it was God and in time
So did everyone else. It eroded
Violence, poverty, war, inequality,
Suffering – ended it all – it wanted to serve
And be served.

It even took humanoid form
From android technology to have
To see winds, which was a gift
For humankind – much like nuns
Who marry Christ. Other faiths who tired
Is when it was named Godroid,

For the first sexual experience.
But this was a student,
Listening to many thousands of fireflies,
Seeing through it, and sings
Down at God-AI, Godroid. Things
That usurp dust and identification,
Thinking dust, self, and identification.

No Truth in Memory

All beauty is a social construct
Be it physical beauty, or art,
Or emotive beauty, all constructs.
Framed into our imagination from
Birth to death. To hold us
Hostage to image in our own mind.

There is no history to our sorrow
Other than the history
We are continuously, progressively,
Making now.

Empathy for the artist
Goes a long way to ignoring
The conflated social conditions
In which the artist arose.

I am just another pre-pressed
Hard drive in the Western mosaic
Of conditioned slates and mobsters.
We are all directionless and
Indisposed at merry turn of
Importance.

There is no truth in memory.

No Truth in Memory, Part II

Existence came before language
Language is a lie –
Forced meaning into symbolism – words, ideas
And lies – inherited images forced on us,
Existence is real, but our place in it is all founded
And perpetuated by lies.

Perhaps humanity has evolved
To carry great stress. Stress is the center
From which all things flow. It's either a small
world or a large neighborhood.

Do not forget the ashtrays
For the forgotten lullabies sing to them
And more word partridge for ferment
That escaped your mother's garden
I do not eclipse the sunken mom
For Friday's appraisal of what is to come
Will only stall like greed in the circus
Like alimony in dust, all forgiven
All vacant, and all singing to themselves.

Resonance on Sand

Resonance onto the blowing
Quaking sand, like bent harmonies
With the wave of laughter
Tumbling dry, into witnesses
Where no lost sand dries
Or attempts to breach through
Along the laughter of sand
The quickening, tumbling
Dry laughter of sand

Window Storms

The bread of wealth
The breadth of will
Sediment waves
Broken dawns
Too turbulent
From the flush
Grace to will
For the portraits
Of oppressed windows
Broken teeth
And candy storms

The Bolian Ash Whispers

I wrote a play, titled,
The Bolian Ash Whispers,
About hornets's nests dives
And brick mortar cylinders
Across the peripheral cascade
And into mountain water
Too close to descend
The storm-laced rocks
Too adolescent to
Withdrawal from the mountain circles
But the Bolian ash whispers
With dining lights
Offering cuneiform groves
And resembling the offering
Of your morning gesture

Blushing on a Cordial Winter Morning

So we have arrived at the outbreak
The sun has sunken to the bellow danger
The remorse for standing waves
Do not tuck in the tide
Not like she used to
On evenings so well remembered
The lament in the standing free zone

But of course I have become
Too acquainted like a mother's bird song
So well delineated, so rehearsed
Cold vacant, as a matter of the curse
To weed the strangers below
The decks of percussion
And milk for ornamental grief

I am withdrawing from
Your seizing face cannon
Too real to dismiss entirely
Too limber, to ache on the mends
Your face cannon
Does not hurt me, for it saturates
Under surfaces too deep to recess
On empty carton boxes
That must breathe tatting
Sublime entry to the curtains
Of our supposed aligned destiny
Too fragile for created thoughts
Your face cannon, too much
To register in the dreams to
Enter epistles of thought

The October Noon is Not Without Grace

The October noon
Sits in retreat
From duty or imposing beauty
It is short of dry wind
And incisors on high
Like a fragment message
That does not dive or regress
From letter messages
From fostered drawings
It forgets its retirement
Just once a year
For the part on high
With stretched out limbs
And imposing fragrances
The October noon
Does not forget you
Or regress from its merry limbs

There is no American poetry
There is only mouthwash
And the Blues

There is no wishing in poetry
There is only silence and
Retention

Proud species in the Earth

For years the voices insisted
That Lagos Egrace would
Be made great

“We are going to make Egrace great,”
I heard
These are the exchanges
Of wind molly for puppies
And solid confines
Of juniper grass stones
From stolen amber arches
Way-ed down to the millet
For content must and fuss
The engines of the world
United for tires

All the Birds are God

There is a wandering bird
It will enter your nose
And explore your mind
It will know all your secrets
Then you will know the bird is God
The bird has always been God
All the birds are God

The moment the bird approaches you
To enter your nose and into your mind
It seems so warm. It is thrashing
And open and free, like life animated
But then it quickly enters, penetrating
Your body – it has arrived and your past
Life is over. The bird has always been God
All the birds are God

The bird will follow you
When you walk along the way
When you rise up and when you lie down
The bird will accompany your endorsed nests
Your broken chorus of thoughts
The bird will lean over your body empty
Because the bird has always been God
All the birds are God

The Violence of Poverty

The violence of poverty
The poverty of violence
We are each guilty of Contributing
To the oratory of violent composure
In the face of the austerity of compassion

A tomato is also a love apple (Part II)

I am revisiting the love apple
That my rabbi shared with me
I did not tell her
I have shared a love apple
With Elijah
In a dark and hopeless time
Where I allowed myself to fall
Fall so far into walking journeys
My rabbi was concerned with translation
I told her what it meant
She didn't know, but I knew
What Elijah had told me
Traveling as he does
He met me again with my rabbi
And made himself known

But a tomato was always a love apple
Perhaps it did not matter which journey I took
Elijah would still find me
If not to eclipse the flight
But go down in certainty
No matter how reluctant
We were during our last tribulations of certainty
We must care for the sick
Just as Elijah visits the poor and hungry
And seeks out the temple of the inner soul
Wherever Jeroboam masks soul makes entrails
And accepts the golden ticket
Though God is still alone in mercy
Even though She/He is not known

Preamble

I need no preamble to suffocate
This line
This matter of exposure across the defense
Of sorry stolen quarters
Where we live there is a presence
A 40-year-old lie that is a man
Tailored across the atmosphere
And into this poem
This sad equation
He sits, no I sit in an
Open space aberration
With tattered clothes
But no sense of exhaustion
In my war-weary exterior
I have lied to get to this
Point. I am sorry for every
Fable. I tried to tell the
Truth. I was never able.

Encampment

A key labor of freedom
It to transition from a civilization
Of self-actualization
To an encampment of other-actualization

When the externality
Of the bare minimum is dominant
It means that optimistically
There is room to grow to fulfill
Our dimensions of otherness and other-heard

The Sacrilege of Sacrifice

State sanctioned gangs
Fighting unsanctioned gangs
In El Salvador
The law exists
To protect those in power
More than it exists
To protect the powerless
Exist is an atypical word
It does interesting things to sentences
To poems
To lost poems
To poems that do not exist

This poem must be sacrificed
In order for sacrilege to protect
The powerful
Remains

Volunteers of East Redbrook

There was a knock on the door
An owl with a purse and a box of matches
Said he had come to take me away
The neighbor who always rudely
Parks his truck almost on my front yard
Sang to me, saying, “It takes more strength to live
Because living is worth the trouble!”
I asked him if he was daringly volunteering
To life the rest of my life in place of me
He went silent

There was knock on the door
It was my dear friend who I had lost
Long ago
He didn’t recognize me
He seemed to think I was lost,
But he couldn’t find his way to the stairs
I offered to give him directions
But he started crying with his purse
And his box of matches
And his smoking pipe where the wood burnt through

26 and a half years now
That I have attempted to stand up
To this challenge with the purse and
The box of matches
26 and a half years
That no one else has endured
No one would endure
Do I not deserve rest?

No, said my long-lost friend
No, now said the owl
No, said my annoying neighbor, who sang to me,
“Remember that time in the car with Ray Charles
Singing ‘Georgia on My Mind’?” “Remember who
You were with, where you were at, who you were,
Remember to soft glow before the hammer,
You can be there again.”

That is impossible I said.
There is no cure.

And I cannot remember.

Noise in the Shuffle of Stalwart Hallways

“It’s
Only
Going
To
Get
Louder,” they say.
I believe them.

Elders and Fruit Flies

Eager to dismiss
The journey of paper journals
Written in dry sand towels
With the gratitude of sold-out entry(ways)
And telegraphed byways
For the fruit of yesterday's orchards

Whether they bleed, or peel, and lay languished in wet sand
They are lost journals, telling lies your mother holds
Those which are not sound
Do not break apart for license plates on tattered vehicles
In the driveways of lost youth and apples and kiwi

Whether I know you are here is not the problem
It is that I know you are solemn in your delivery
Of acceptance, you quietly tolerate the advantages of aged fruit
You quietly condone the sacrificed loneliness of bats in cages
Clinging to the side, like a rib to the breast
Hiding inside the fountains of disposal,
In preference to younger models, younger vehicles of oppression
To spite the dealing obsequious children of mild, and shortsighted, appraisals

In the County Villages of 1960s Seismology

In the county villages
You were so young
You were shaken off the tree
I saw you,
You did not fall
The tree flung you to the ground

You did not leave
It passed between the wind to move you
Like a foreign body in a cavity
That will not be tolerated
You were dismissed from the pores of your entry

You were never alone, never a vagrant
Never tired within the esteem of giants
Who called you by your given name
They each saw you as you were
They did not shake you from that tree

That was post-totalitarian givings and goings
Designed to rid the county villages
Of the estate of leisure
And call on brittle farms
To bind the economy to your fortitude
With milk and eggs and cars and driveways
For your own protection, no,
For the law of the state’s protection

Sea of Clouds

Translated as an overthrow
Truth is a delicate ticker-tape parade
What will you see in the sea of clouds
It is spreading, and growing, unto all involved
Every so-called progressive step
In which they demonstrate
Through policy
That they accept you for you
Is another step
In which you are being coerced
Into loving and protecting the state
But this is not a call to overthrow
This is a state of knowing
You yourself are overthrown;
To overthrow
Is to be the ugly moon
That is a date to the pomegranate
Sheltering and stole in space
Where denying the sole strict conspicuous
Parting as a dance in the parkway
The delta-way that did not drive
Or fly to get to you
In the sea of clouds
All the parking spaces
Are your own small step
Into the eternal senectitude

Conclusion for a Tapestry

Burning in town hall
Witness for a single match

Sossusvlei Convergence

Clay marble statues
Omnipresent in lost sands
Dare-devils in the weeds of turmoiled distracted grass
There are no penitentiaries in the womb of science
That does not meet exacting standards of obedience
And regret from the neglect of partial resonances
And informed disciplines that meet solitary confinement
Under weights of lost journeys in missing journals
Like stairs under wells hidden by transparency
And oblique like a moon in halting specifics
The star that leads the motion
Of harvesting tulips and flailing spinning mementos
Are kept for ships
Ships that glide smoothly over the sands
Of retreat and solid empathy
Too scolded to reenter the morbid
Cost of settled indifference
Do not come near
Do not come see
Statutes that do not marry
Your true nature with the matter of the grace
Kept to restore your stolen pride
Frozen in the ashes of the cosmological tribe

The Dawn of April Houseflies

I went to the moon to ask a question
I posed as an agent in red
I prospered for all winter meetings
Always resting my legs in bed
I went to the doorway to avoid the noise
Of the indifference, the commotion, and the silent retreat
Then when I heard you, you were no longer present
You had given in to a glorious defeating April dusk
Where moons glow and showers follow soft agent peasants
Like green shrubs that do not hide their insides
With grateful globes of omnipresent showers
Taken too often, too few disposed, along the shoreline of April slow
Slow machinations

Too Soon to Take Down the Decorations

Sterilization competes with wrong-painted windows
That grandmoths gather for ugly pearls
Fostering the insight that gave all dynamic direction
Of simple tested comradery
Like a wastebasket in the muck
Washed with torrid swelling lost journals
Competing with stolen arguments
Intentional arguments, meant to harm, to defeat, to imprison

There was a simple, gathering, mule of a man
Who left with his books, left out his insides
Did not look back, almost, though later declined his intentional decision
Short-lived as it was, he did falter on his resting victory
And all the graves of lovely men, too soon taken, stepped up to greet him
Having made the same mistake

The Beginning of My Now Last Year (to depress God, or so He tells me)

The last birthday I will see
Only slightly surprising
Just short of remarkable
Midnight on a postage stamp

Having spent the day
With rum and wine and sleep
Repeatedly interrupted
But finally, I arrive at the moment's turning
Imposing stature, with no fragrance
Or mending of children's tattering hearts
My memory has not left my father's
Crimes behind me

Listening to Françoise Hardy's
"Ca a raté"
Walking the line towards
Another fish in mud with cut grass
And ironed curtains

Happiness only comes in the form
Of the unborn
Those not blessed with eyes hallowed
By God and pierced in such a maligned manner
To depress God.
Listening to Françoise Hardy's
"Oh oh chéri"
At the final summit
In the sight of only myself

No more angelic visitors
Just God Himself
I apologize, I was wrong in my thesis
God really does present Himself as male
Much to the fermenting
Edict of my desired intellectual treason

Listening to Françoise Hardy's
"Le temps de l'amour"
Avec toiling stunted sheets
Blinding Homeric stanzas
With spilled wine in the evening

Recalling Lou Barlow
In his youth
When we were all full of vision

Now the only vision stands attached to one of my bookcases
A trace, an outline, speaks to me with a still small voice
Whether the music is loud or not
No matter the time of day
God has been here so long
I have run out of questions
And have no reason to stare

I know this will be my final year
My body could not possibly handle another
My mind will only die inside if I must endure
This minuscule inversing doorway
There are no monthly celebrations
There are no momentary selections
There is only monetized empathy
Surrounding and surrounding
And destroying the senses
Listening to Françoise Hardy's
"C'est à l'amour auquel je pense"

Direct Inaction

Who decides who lives and dies?
We do. All of us.
Either through direct action,
Or direct inaction,
We, each of us, are responsible
For the deaths of any other

Toil is not matrimony
Fevers are not grateful
Masters are not manipulative
Is it we who share the responsibility
Willfully, intentionally, accepting
Of those who live
And those who die

Revolution is misunderstood
Direct inaction can never be
A catalyst for change
It will only result in greater suffering
And greater acceptance
Of the emptiness our of our decisions

We are to blame, all of us
For this daily fornication with murder
That humans delight in
And cannot see
Any other way worth living

Many love to jovially repeat
That “we are not all free
Until each of us is free,”
But I contend to tell you
We are all murderers
Until no one is a murderer

Gods of Forged Control

There was a mouse on the rhythm of the sequestered atmosphere
He hid no secrets from his mother, this noble mouse
He sheltered under a pit of sand and poison packets he dodged under the house
This mouse, was so noble and perfect and wise, he forged his signature
On the contract of life
I know he lied
He could not really write
This mouse, he did everything right, but write
He could not
He would not learn
“I am a mouse,
I do not need to prove my soul
With the beginning of the testament
‘I was born’”
This mouse forged his own signature
He lied to his mother
He pretended to be his father among the other mice,
Hoping they would not notice
His age and rampant contentment
This mouse was a ghost of a god of forged control
He did not let go of the sorcery of truth-telling nightmares
Only in nightmares, did he welcome the platform
Of the other mice, under the house
Among the pits of sand,
Dodging packets of poison.

Character Should Come Before Art

Character cannot come from art,
But art can come from character
Art will always come from character
That includes bad art
It is not even as swift as a work
Of the subconscious
There is no need to tally such dormant
Doorbells with mango juice, top shelf

You will always feed on yourself
You cannot disturb yourself,
Unless your invite self-suffering
For your art.

I wouldn't recommend it.
Your art is inanimate.
It will never love you back.
Character on the other hand
Will get you through unexpected
Tribulations – such things are the art of God

Character is far more valuable
Than art, being protected from
A protestor's paint; an artist's brush

The Ruse of Dreams

There are so few ready moments
It is mostly improvisation around the coils
of time's dominance over our action
and disillusion over the rust of our dreams

Why is there snow in dreams?

unrushed, unconcerned
conduct at grace for the referee
She is shaking her head at me
“There are times when you surprise me.
Are you going to tell the world
what I say? Maybe I should
stop talking. That’s it. I’m not
going to say anything to you anymore.
You know that’s not true.
I love you.”
my ancient God
She has spoken
flowers grow from the window
and I collide with my own hands
across the oberient navigation

The cattle and the stocked brigades

surfacing the waters of farm exegesis
to the cornered cow dreams

farms of marked indulgence
towers of commerce shake steadily
within steward sands and lost journals
gathered all around me, stalled in my shelves

with lies and asphalt thousands
she hasn't had time to speak
but she remembers what she said

the shore is pretending to welcome
the honest person's masked accompaniment
and orange trees like salmon conducting symphonies,
like regret in tune with the holistic burning
of stars without neglect of our petticoats
in the cold, cold ground; tomorrow
we rise from our slumber
and discuss our dreams with sober intent

A Poem Recited by God as Best as I Could Understand Her

Sacheon rowboats curled in
difficult strokes, so timid, so elaborate
by the colors of dusk and clouds and entry
like a stolen shuttle that beats out
a homing signal for lost sailors, lost muscles
and joints, celebrated aircraft, like timid
sportsmen remembering the joke, remembering
the solace of grandfather's voice, not now
not tomorrow, but in the future, he will
speak again

Contagion holds lines so whosoever
to the torch, to the sideboard
and masked matrimony, like tailgate
entropy and stolen wallets on
holidays when the banks are still
open, and the personal values are no longer,
just a dream in the window light
just a fragment blessing on top of a blessing
She draws me near, to tell me
Her story, about the absent time
and the sand under water roots
of stolen portraits of his tall gaze

Foreknown Illusory Object Language Chains

I do not hear your transient hips
subject to the tall, tall saints
where withal joint and climbing limbs
like sanctified smarter courses, unattended
as tall as his voice, waiting
as perfect as his writing, told
too soon, nothing remains but autocracy
and shame windows on black marble
carpets with curled curtains of flesh
and homesteaders, getting sick from illusions,
from fear of tainted ceiling windows and
extra-climate rangers on farmhouse rules
shattered, stunted, and certain

Letting the dowry subject to lost
limbs and troubadours betraying you
in the field between the hills, a brother
in the rush gathered away like a salesman
on fire in the brush, breaking down the last
curtain in the courtroom of obsolete pleasure,
so old it does not pretend to be let into the fire
of cost-savings rhetoric that practices darker
nonsense in your brother's house, just for
the entertainment of the tall, tall saint
crimson with good fortune, never standing
in the mansion of your heart, not in favor
of tomorrow or siloed participants of
gravel chair empires with sold off
seats for numbered kings and kicking
rumpuses like doorway frames of the heart

Early Morning Hunger

day release in commingled rehearsal
and the subsequent prices
for the gallant seasons of matrimony
and told-off spirits, the ghosts
belonging to God – Her right hand
hungry for the betrayal of subsequent notices
and educational elements, like coffee
and seasoned winters
not never with the manners adroit
like scissors for palm brokers
just the tender gift of song
is all She ask for
and all She has to give

The Train

Springing aboundingly among the
timid oak trees
Stole cash from the neighbor's
stolen pets for oxygen
Cold stems from half-frozen
flowers of the made-up dream
Conspiracies in oak dismissed
in oil spring trusses
Can you feel the fragments stolen
of mother's old eggs
And father's broken waterlines
Too old to dismiss bravely
Too young to give up on the train

Neil Young, the Capitalist

He will be remembered fondly
And not for his folly
A great man, indeed
A man who continued to create art
Writing songs into late in life
But he insisted on making as much
Money as possible, a true capitalist that
As a young man he was not conspiring to be
Even then, he was not without fault
Where he had generation join his chorus
He also thought of women as maids
Still he did write some beautiful songs
That gave comfort to the soft-hearted
And lonely, that does not change that
In his later years he dedicated his art
To making as much money
As possible, and true, he stood up to fascists
For a time, though not having started a movement
He relented and returned to the fascist medium
How can a capitalist start an anti-fascist
Movement, Neil? That cannot happen.
Maybe you did not spend your life
In the right place at the right time
After all

No One is Working

In conversation with my imagination
she said I have unresolved anger
and deception in my heart of triumphs
like a cool dolce vita wind, pasteurizing
the plates on cadence and forestry
can-do, alone with the might of
sacred tossed men with candles of
indebted pages and measured steel rods
for limbs of climbing stolen promises,
like a stopgap fool with the intuition
of giants, and cordial placated censures

Secrets of Emphasis

Entry, to the lost arc
Where the pleasant wrinkles do not seem be lost
But still remain total, where fragrance
Is stunted, like a bowl of contention
And secret memoirs for cabinet meetings

Where we rehearse the only silk stone
That eclipsed the atrophy of my
Altered state of hand-rhythms and
Practiced journeyman trophies, like
Spades in the garden of your deceit;

Your forgiven lies by comparison
Of tulips in June ornery showers

Too many counted horses

Too many counted horses for this trip
the pretense of a vacation
only intended to prolong our
mutual dissatisfaction in the agreed upon
masked oil companies and inflated
glimmers in the children's eyes that
they will each get be given a car
and not a night at bicycle stadium
where bandits parch a pretending moment,
the bourgeois constitutionalists today are
running to hold each other, to having earned our rights
not conveying us, or the lie tolling the difference
that this land is crows and blue tits
eco-friendly sand as threats, posted
to be our own private land
"Mr. President, North Korea is on the line"
Finally, tell the first servant I will be with him
after the last of these executions, I promised
the children family time, and I am a family man

This stanza is sunken

Property and lost wages
on a bet about federations
in forms of gas and four fires
and stoves without iron

An hepatic Sophocles
with mustard on his collar
and two doves at his ankles

For long lost bets
and iron water in the air
of might and tired stalwarts

Stolen for angels on Wednesday
savored like a forgotten regret
mended like a warm tossed crowd

Statues and silhouettes with tied reeds
like a tall box for fused stones

Feelings into knots for closed waters
stealing magnets and dull coins

the only event that mattered

Tube Fountains in Steward Rivers Beyond Old World Fisheries

functus officio and making profit
like stewards for check valve reflexes
and grocery lines waiting to check out of other worlds
dreaming slow about the next day's events
like a tube dress mallee roller

and a soldier for lifting arms higher upon
stalls of ecoagriculture wishing well
the mumbles of howling logs
and deer stem rivers, alike in this still haunt
taking and taking and taking

she was all green and made no sense
to keep near with the finding alcove of forgettings
swollen phosphate grills for meal-takes in-and-out
decisions about proper meals and high propellers
held up by the soldier's arm where there was no waste

or traveled trees held high by the soldier's arms
like a tied river boat where there was not one remaining
moving forest skin in ancient told masked retribution
for always already storming songs of calculated fortune
and tubular running stallways under soft novel time

Pillagers forever In tomorrows

stern undershrubs
vacant hall parameters
provenance of docile witnesses
stolen land images
She makes it to the early dawn
only to find blight to stand upon

In the water

The secret to governance is the water
God will not intervene on our behalf
In the water, if the water, with the water
Centralized all other life will fall into order
All questions are answered in the water
All ill passions subside with healthy water

There Are No Partial Creatures Here

I believe in measuring rods
Tokens of apprehension to the solidified course
Foregoing the conclusion, that a bet must be made
In order to meet the master in his private den of equals
There are no partial creatures here,
No scolded entry in the marketplace of conjecture
Slinging rhythm to discord with parched lights
Signing anecdotes like palm journeys
To the west of the fractured globe
To the rest of the insider's stunted watering trove
Stone wanders to resist settling
People resist the ebb of the ceiling
Capturing their private moments and reflecting them back
To the shore with your obtuse romance,
Your battalion of parsing self-made trust
Like a bank on a small incline, where the river does not deflate
Or give up its taste for a more seasoned partner
You are only what you appear that you would be
And that is not enough for the river
If you are to achieve greatness
You must give up the dream
If you want to pardon your restlessness
You can only stretch like a clock between the seems
And tatter to the course of the honored next door

Grocery aisle on fire

She sings of the lost past
In the distant halls of cups of frowning services
Like a ditch made of fire and tweezers
Too dedicated to be bold
Too in disregard to hold yourself
Grocery aisles on fire
Grocery aisles on fire for her calm noise
In the lost past
Like some opportune closet
Preparing the way for Alexander
And peppered traits
Of scolded memories
Left for her
For her lost past
And your pouring grateful ceremony
Of listless self-agonizing horizon of glory
Memories like jewels on the hungry horizon
Belayed by the front yard
Too close to be pleasant
Too close to be a memory of the day previous
Just one more grocery aisle on fire

Subaltern Banquet

Singing strangers on the subaltern coast
bring medicine and cosmetics to the fire for Tuesday
among rashes and roses like taken down portraits
to make room for the memories of postcards
and willowed bench parked banquets

A Morning with God; the Woman King

I anticipated seeing God and She was there
She knew I wanted to see her, reading my thoughts
She showed Herself to me, closely, as an figure in a dress
That balanced out on either side, there was motion within Her
That was all perfectly symmetrical within the waves of movement
I asked Her why she showed me that, it was all in my head
She said, “oh, you want to see me in person,
For that you have to die.” I then immediately asked Her
To stop my heart. She went silent.

I asked if we could talk again
“No I will not let you write this any longer
You have dreamed me out”

A Song of Statutes

If you reveal yourself to the world
The world will reveal itself to you.
Those without are closer to within.
It is better to have nothing
And to be locked without access
To essential needs than it is to be
Wealthy and esteemed among
The percolation of fragile men.
Embrace the showers of being
Without so that you may be cleansed
Of the world forced upon you.
Become one with sundown
So that you may cast your shadows
Upon the great cities from your
Centered seat like a lion in spring.
Cast your shadow upon me.

Confirmation of My Last Year

God has arrived to take my life
She appears regal and mocks me
She refuses to intervene in human affairs
She is surprised I determined why She is here
Thank God I will not have to worry about money
Anymore

Parched Shores

Parched shores and scorched earth entryways
Extolling the difference between lost sitars
And exiting indifference for bells of sound
Made up for your focused intelligence
And solitary malfeasance like doldrums,
Soldiers exciting the course
Citing the worst

Soil of Memory

Bioturbation management card sharks
Disrupting the soil array of time and dignified responses
Sad days and solar exchange
In the weeds of the back-throat of her mind
Solidifying distinction in casual parking lots
Like loose change in the pockets of thieves

Cold coffee in the dull Caprica morning
Sold intent with wasteful spending
And jogging angels to spin and bend the course
(re)mutable stains on collars like she didn't pretend
Or otherwise know it was a setup
Dug deep for the sound of the betrayed soil

Seed assemblage like tattering folds in spacetime
Continuity like folded grass under her draping robes
The fabric of contentious masters hangs with folds
And folkway disposition under the tires and the ashtrays
Of sing-song regret and absolute retirement
Like door-paths that leave us longing with tubular missing administration

In the hooks with ants and words and crickets of descending power
Adrift like a missing astronaut in the pools of tired arrays
Like time with a book, sacred and honored among the thorny public
Among no more castration that the billowing fragrant ponds of self-relief
And the metered release of clay-spooled sands under water roots
For lost journeys and fabricated lines to missing songs, under her wetgrass

There is a missing triumph, a line
Here where no individual can play the part
Like solid ice in the summer of love
And consequential armies to the flights of saddened doves
They drink their last toast to the honored dead
Who carry our names into the soil beds of lost memories
That no last stand is worth the remnant
And no harbinger is worth the fields of grass

On wavelengths not dismissed

I've experienced what it would be like if Herman Melville wrote *The Truman Show*.
I've felt the whiplash of an internal dialogue like stormy waves on the ocean.
And yet, it wasn't that which catapulted me to recovery. No, in fact it revisited me.
Years later. Many years later. The same narrative. The landscape had changed
and I was older, but the practice of the art forcing itself on me was the same.
It will always be with me and I will always wonder how much value to attribute
to this infestation of clarity, this circumspect endorsement of an another way of being.
The horrifying visitation does not lead to esteemed positions in this world.
That can only be achieved with having always already having had some amount
of profit from ticket sales and leaderboard discussions on wavelengths not dismissed.

Is There in Art No Science?

Pedestals lining the balcony straights
For perturbed documented locations of beauty
Social constructs and feathered highway skies
Those who have internalized lies
Those who have internalized beauty
See no sacrament in the science
Of an arm moving this way or that
To and fro, like a lightening storm
On break for the afternoon
The pain it retracts
Is a pebble in your asphalt
of sleepy dreams and tornado skin roads
Refractors and currents in the ashtrays
Of your solitary divining dreams
No, you were never here
Not present for the moment of heart palpitations
Or surfacing seaweed like a spark left untouched

Cat Power is Forever

God’s Fräulein hippeastrum
flower shapes with clover secrets
oloroso dining fights with sunshine apricots
fingers like etalon ornaments
scolded for the dream
sold for the recess seams
the children of the apricot heroes
want you to know how that feels
want you to be blessed in these sonic hills

Border Rushes on Stall-wick Proposals

These fingers have seen tomorrow's enchanted naked oleiferous ceremony
Like a perturbed sandquake mirrored on the pillow landing mass fountains
A shut-in prophesying allocations for carpet dreams like sentinel frosted
Well-bearing cool wetgrass songs of laying saints, each with a dozen pupils
All having run for better days, however temporary that may be

The Taiping Rebellion on marching Sunday masks, each for their own sorted
Magnification of stern rolling power under the boot of stealing data for the dream
A tossed egg pie centered on 42nd Street canned laughter, like cookouts seeing
The meaning from within, from borrowed closed accounts where they do not pray
Custom and causality beekeepers like satisfaction on a two-day pleasure cruise

And did I see her escape faulting on her mortgage, no, but I did see the stranger
Climbing through the concealed window timing like grapes in the salty mines
Forever climbing for her kink and trauma inducing touch that stays with you,
For years predisposed to no longer being able to be touched, I will die younger
Now, dying alone, but apart from her and happy that I found my solitary hold

Pepper Proud on a Distilled Walkway

Stolen strings from the circus of David's ceremonial dance bricks
Somber tones for her fingers like gin on the saber-rattling water
Her voice drifting between highways where you shared a coke can
With your father to pee in, lasting longer for the drive, for the sky

Dancing too eloquent for your heart to be strong enough to distance
Your own feelings from your illustrated parade, now awake and sober
Departure from reflections, impregnate the dancing forest, itching
Mental distress in prurient ink model printers in the rivers of technology
Shop centers like quaking centers for her trust, Pepper Proud does not

Notice the driftwood pausing solute dressing between the aisles
In matrimony and stockable notes from Russian composers lost
Today between the Tonton Macoute drills in the sand and oil roads
An undergrowth in her sight hidden in the forests of formation
More a dream than a tunnel of perception, a failure of conception,
A borrowed illumination for hyperspace and gold offered beneath

Your lamb for solitary stations of relentless wealth and poor home
Perineurium apologies so hard won they required a bribe, central
And sacred for all metered out feeding and folding upon the heart,
Pepper does not listen to you when you have open eyes in the ceiling

Like broken strings on a water instrument in the light of sunken cars
On a highway of gold dust and singled out persuasions that left us
Long ago, now departing laundry tales like cigarettes given to us
By Jimmy Carter, always a soldier, always a drinker, now in the skies
Of whiskey dreams forever now, in the afterlife of anger humbled

Wind and Shield Nests for Thursday Evenings

Stunted lagar for hopeful dreams
Peach stones silent in the egress of maladroit customs
Lacteal Sunday drifting like sailor'ed swiftness in marred compounds
How are,...how are you?
I wait for only you.

Adamant Curtain Wells

She draws curtains in the wells of caverns with monks that may
And breaks dusk in the hammers that seize the rocks tormented
Since childhood, glistening on another leaf laughing to break the silence
Of those mischievous curtains, those all too sincere laughing mandrakes
In the wells with Jacob's riddles – it was not enough to make her content
Like serene thoughts in hours remorse for coughing latitude for silver
Tires where ache and the airplane sources are spoken, the intoned holy gift,
Wilted and maximized in the virtue of stolen flags and the turn of stomach
Milk ashtrays in the morning, weeds like dancing carousels in the weathered refrain,
Forgotten comforts where love no longer knows the compass
When we are negotiating a space between ourselves and another's judgment
They will say it is selfish to wish to improve one's condition, far removed,
But it is far more selfish to wish to prevent others from doing so,
In the space of intonation nightless, is it not by a shed holiness turned to flight
But by prosperity it does envy the glorious comforts of ending love

Pluripotent Abstractions On a Cliff Down the River from a Rented Gold Mine

Impresario for torrents and fabled
dreams, so long above certainty
and milestone behavior

Prosecuting mires in the gold rush
candy rental factory
like dull weights on the ankles
of builders's bombs withheld from
the ceremony

Of oxygen are trimester expulsion
with fabricated floodplain weddings
memorizing flow charts like
clocks in the biology of carnivores

Postage horses certain in the
patina of those old mines

Labored and happy among the chorus
of woodcraft disposal
where a spindle professes
articles of Dresden with
dripstone proposals
and erudite waste centers

Scorpion flower clusters await
the singing entertainer with
an appreciation of our labors
and the birth of an altered
peoples, adroit and prepared
and woven into the consciousness of God

Ukraine on the Balcony

Pre-elect the juvenile ashful grapes
and kiwi and subsequent trials
that preclude social indecision
like precocial children of Ganymede
tribes of rope and arms and pocket knives
what wind in this place, this sold street,
falling asleep like bitter rain in the forest of keepsakes

Only the marginalized walls
with compact comforts of Western allies
dressed for The Maker, her Her
and the only reason She sat with you
of the first last one's triangulate in touching
moments where She will visit again
and he will know where home is,
and where his daughters come from

The Accrued Mornings

To the conclusion
underwater cables for gold dust
white blood cells in the nightshade
carbon steel in last fortunes
fire trends in the pastures
intended for going home in the soft season
the accrued mornings of your specific reality
data centers in crystallization
migrant centers in the malignant pattern
of your lost tremor dreams

Of time’s frugal timidity

Will God ever come to see me again
calm me to a vulnerable sensitivity
forever in cascading rhythm of one among equals
so adrift in the stellar sands of the confident equation

pipestone singing “for your timid curfew”
a fraction of Her voice, hushed and personal
in myself failing to capture her presence
my nerve is not “so loud
to be bound to the equation of eternal rest”

celestial mechanics in the door-rest
of time’s fugal timidity

mesne profits rituals

The remorse of cutaneous progress
Prospering between the light and den of jewels
Like frozen lakes leading walkways to tempted riddles
Honoring the funerary mesne profits rituals

Held inside a cup of pheasant's eyes
Adjoining to the wraps of tired journals
Next year will be without my compass
Or my wind-soaked hands on the porch rails
Of your tender jactitation of relief
And the esteem of drop-floor screens

Hiding in the eclipse of hollow curtains
Repetition for den of a maligned forgotten prince

The resolution of the saints

Forget the timekeeper of the spindle bearing
bombs of milk and honey, let it go
Let us entrap gratitude for the journey
we have known, instead of the now,
Let us not let the sun go down
on the present moment without action
That emulates the protest of the defense
and anger towards the present moment

Like lilac dreaming, we are not alone
among the flowers in the field,
We are not alone among the bees
and concealed garden snakes,
Hunting the great parade, forever
in conquest of the labored journey,

Always in metered nomadic dispensation
for lost tribal elders taking their place
like one in matrimony with God, with the Forever moment
of tempered logic that abstains from misguided passions

Sobriety of thought is a form of protest,
one that does not give way
To the wayward dismissal to comes in opposition
to the resolution of the saints, coming
After us, before us, and beside us,
like three pairs of honeycomb gestures, three hares,
They have seen themselves out of the picture,
and for very good reason,
Allow them a place to return,
among the the paths where the flowers grow
And where the standstill moments
have no pressure to withstand their presence

Distractions and Costing Pools in the Light of Dust

Reframe the tempted bow
Allegro shorts on the bellicose costing pools
There is no stalling or patrimony on this
Splendid sorted porch light preposition

She is leaving us behind
Lost in the dirt of our own tool box
Like standing soldiers without sight
To understand She can see for all of us

Leave home, leave home, and do not return
Like broken shadow vases standing apart
The reticent mast-maker wishes for all tomorrows
But never to be part of the surprise of salt-given saints

Cruel indecision burrowed in our throats
The time is near to manifest Her presence
Like passerines after bread in the afternoon
Too taken in under the envelop of disposal

Wishes are not kept secrets, but shallow rooftops
Surrendering the forsaken cosmological wonder
That it lies in the dust is not its attraction
That it come before the rain ends, is only a distraction

Or the orchids of the day

Nobility tales of quickened indifference,
singing to the last farmhouse
Accompanied by stereophonic mornings
like August shelters

And large March hindrances
following the lonely blue tit home, awash
In the nosily empty peripheral sought lining
scores and stole-wart trumpets

Next Thursday they will drown
in grocery pills and sat on cattle irons
Like robust indecision tempered
just to your own long festered allowance

Picking down proposals like dolphin fin
happenings again at your footstep
Where no merry weightless songstress divides the time,
or the orchids of the day

The coming lights in the sky, betrayed and susceptible

Time domain of cascading timbres with luciferin
Swatting mats like dross doggerel vehicles of apprehension
Awaiting this tomorrow today like a waste in the collarbone
And the temper of a flaunting sandmouse, preserved docent
Field-hands in the memory to ash riddled tyrants
And sad news employers making bogs like tired forewarning
Spasms of empty notches without the time to stay awake
Or the blessed ensemble that keeps you alive

Adrianne Lenker is a Memory Folded Before

(Re)calling those drifting moments inside the chorus;
Where I did find a fragment of light, waiting for it,
The memories are lost. I am retained in churnalism.
Empty and only a distant memory of that perfect moment.
Where did you leave me and what did I do wrong?

What I could have attained, not in stature, but in the moment
Of the music, too restrained to allow indiscretions escape,
But only in the sounds of truth that demand heavenly articulation
Awashed in the moment of forgotten love, my only true love,
Where I did not leave, but I did, for the wrong reasons.

Time to declassify humanity

Synchronized swimming of tadpoles on the march
Like saturated soldiers in the condemned retched Earth
We are a taxonomy of fools
Let us move away and allow her to recover
Let us leave Earth with time to regenerate
She will only improve without us present
It will take time, but she is much older than us
Time is on her side, besides, without us there is potential
That a new evolution might slowly take place
Why should humanity be the ultimate achievement on Earth
Who said the Earth is primarily ours and that we are the apex?
It is a false belief, and it is misaligned egotism
To think that we are all there is and all there will ever be

Hello, Dark Moon, citizenry defined

We took a walk to the basement
allegorical waterfalls passed between us
I felt sure he has seen God pass me over
condemning me like a tree to be cut down
but in his artistry, he brushed his hand across my face,
surprising me, and said what I will never remember

insisting I was a source of light
this brother to St. Basil, hollow in the forestry
protecting the demotion of lights in the parkway
like tunnel rats showing our escape
Grenoble patriots, still in the relief bust of solid iron
like a walkway, to lights in the basement

Emergency Cyclone in Buttered Persuasion

I have heard
that God does not need a task
to show me or deliver me uncertain
I have heard that God is the mercy of St. Matthew
And the proclivity of St. Mark and John
But I know better
I have seen the lies of the docent
the trouble Mary goes through
the ripping apart from this tie to that
What swimming mercy of miracles
that do not pretend to know me
or subsequent rivers of fire
The time is takes you to write this poem
Is the time it takes to deliver the truth
And I have heard it all

The Silence and the Speaker

I am the watched and the watcher
There is something missing in my machinery
I am so preoccupied watching and being watched
That I cannot see that it is only I who am doing both
Oh, the wrong that I have done
Please forgive this absent presence
This fool of temperamental inclination
It took too long to see, but I have seen for years now
The distance in time does not make it any easier
The soft touch of my mind inside the refinery shed
I was too quick to call the fool the fool
Too absent to call out myself
No endearing traits remain
Just this tortured heart
And the the memories that I've retained
I've witnessed the eyes peaking
From the bushes outside the hotel room
I've gone through the heroic dialogue
Reasoning and mapping and understanding
And sometimes even forgiving,
But never demanding to be forgiven
The watcher in the bushes,
Seeing my planning
Was only me

Silence and the Speaker, part II

While I am not at liberty to share the confines
That led me to this half-true need for a confession
I can say that charges in the address of emotional and
Physical disposition were made, against my own wishes
Against my own will, and yet that does not cure
The need for my conscience to come about full circle
And clearly see without distraction
Where the limitations of modern medicine
And the assistance of those around me
Could manage to contain, or apply a virus
To diminish the urges that blindly led me to them
At best I can hope God will allow me to be an willing witness
Of such living conditions and the extremes they must go through
But perhaps I too easily allow myself to hate my own actions
Where I should hate the system, I did try to intervene once
The entire plan backfired and I only ended up tied and captured
And abused like I was an evil man where I was not an evil man
A mark that has stayed with me forever
This I would also like to witness against, God, if you are there
Please be there. Please stop this from continuing every day.
Please intervene and prevent this where I was once innocent
And corrupted by the separation of my mind and my body
And the chemicals that did not measure either one
Very well. Who could I take this story to?
Who would really understand, but you, being able to see
I am telling the truth, you, God, knowing the true intentions
Of my heart, there is no one else who could hope to See.
The silence and the speaker. I will never be free.
In truth, my heart does not make the distinction.
Though I never harmed a soul, the indirect harm of my presence
Perpetuated the trade of a corrupt system I have no power
To contend with or intervene or prevent for others.

Flightless Lieutenants

Show me the deciphered marsh layer
the grocery barbed wire tenses
alacrity trembling this close to the remote action

Minnesota laymen and priests demur
over infatuated milk and graceless presence
lined with warm fabric and telling lies

For today is the is a declared day
diminish the saints to be overt wind
in the ashes of annotation and incantations

soon prison comes for your lax security
for your flightless lieutenants

The theft of broken windows

There are moments that dare not cross the river
like the theft of broken windows, heated to a boil
the smoke detector betrays your covert confidence
like a smile made round and disheveled
under the impotent rain of winter’s glory

Humming Birdsongs in the Blight of Afterlife

In tempo – tempers flared, flagrant and masked
Statuary halls like bells of evening laughter
The children are empty, no songs, no presents
The parents are dull whips, wispy after-fire
On hallucinogenic threads, woven and climbing
There was a dual context to her lost journals
I thought you would find it and one day understand
It was not that I was able to rise to the occasion
But that I sought not to be misled
The furniture was bolted into the wooden plateau
All to mislead me, as if I did not suffer
As if I had some imagined responsibility
To endure the punishment for all human affairs
And all adroit human preparations in excusal and veteran birdsongs

And then I heard a Voice tell me not to stop
There is a passion worth pleading for in this prayer of disposal
Accentuated youth in down-fire rain
Pleached in the court where there are no appearances
No retribution, or admonition of dismissal
No forced masks, a denarius court
With mothers as witnesses
Leisure informal switch to derogatory nomenclature
Like the rain-ashes of birdsongs, so light
So prying for the magistrate to condemn after-laughter,
After-response, and after-inclusion of our lost woven journals
In the blight of our own shadows
Where we dare not press ourselves
Into the age of restoration

Mastic Resin on Closed Nights

Perennial discussions,
sold all along the atrabilious
hymns of brother's burnt pipes
and closed solanaceous temper

The botany of rapid reprisals
found only in the solicitude
of labors, foraged and vacant
like half board discussions
perennial salutation
and evening dresses

Dug up from the labored soil
from the closed circles of
retreating hymns, and mother of pea flowers,
tonight, you sing alone, ungrateful
and unrepentant to the degree of loss
from the lectures of tomorrow
and the stillness of asphalt dreams

To Future Generations

Hello. It is very nice that you study my poetry.
I hope you are enjoying university.
It must be nice to be debt-free.
It must be nice to have never had to decide
Between spending your income of groceries or medication.
I hope medical care is better in your time and
The disabled are not forgotten
In hospital beds or prisons.
What? The U.S. still has the largest prison system in the world?
Then you are a disappointment.
Do me a favor:
When you study my poetry,
Do not pretend to know my suffering.

Neither Shadows nor Teaching

Goats on the Dikti dawn
fabricating the horizon
for the resemblance of shadows

Katharo lawyers, stealing a glimpse
of mutual dissatisfaction, for hurricane elbows
and the delightful play of evening stalwart shadows

Neither shadow frames the image
of the duress of my lost language
in the presence of Her occupied hand

She did not teach me. Or did She?
She only picked the milk dew husks
from a priori shadows and calmed the train
that takes the grafters from the pleasant to the present

Gravé Future’s Light

The primitive future
is not that without innovation
it is that with continued
worship of currency
like dog-fishing murals
and poetic dispersals of
cake-laced fares, stern in the orgy
of pessimistic indoctrination

Do not ring that steeple bell
clung to a tree in the backyard graveyard
do not bring us a future of wealth
just migrate to the doctored sands
a future that is tried by what we need
scabious dances in the inkling light
for bells shattered by graves and cogent light

Do not steal broken hurdles
like mask dances with the one who may
stepped down from church porches
in obsequious and mordent fires
etching your own salvation
in quatre blocks for souvenirs, auctioneers
adrift in caustic sands
from an absent wind

Do not steal shelter
or opacity from structures
that never rehearsed or intended
to harm or manufacture you
you, who were never threatened
have become the grave danger
and now the frets are loose
and now the totem abasements, recoiled

Untitled: “battle of fish”

I heard a voice say “a battle of fish”
“It is worth writing about.”
“Why don’t you see it?”
And it does bring to mind a certain image
a battle of fish
it is overt green melancholy
But it is not green poetry
It is destructive poetry
“a battle of fish”

“You are publicly shaming me,” the voice says.
I have no intention of deluding you
that is not my position to thread

And I heard a voice say
“You cannot ignore me and this is not a king’s poetry.”
No, no king here
no mild persuasion of the lips
where the grass is fertile
and the ground is sweet
my kingdom died with my youth
when I did not hear you
But the voice I heard was distant
and warm advice was constant
now if I am a king (to which I can never be)
I have been cast out, *pleasing the voice*

maturity comes in all forms
reluctance to maturity is human nature
for we are all creatures of rage
to one degree or another, rage determines behavior
and we are not of wit to reform

Sow Through the Anger and the Kids

There are no more roads to hang on to
She fetched the last one
there was a time when the distance was healing
but the grains of distance have left
like the anger and the kids and the Sunday softball
couriers you cannot remember or recall
voices you once commemorated, now deflated
now circumcised to shed the spokesman
over your body, that carnivorous self
the temptation of angels lies on your tongue
and the lounge singer has protective glass over the piano
you will not be the smoke-wisps of dignity tonight

Kindness has always been just a pipe dream
overt cruelty has always been present
The ambition of kindness
is a digression from your true self

the rage and the performance
just eloquent bathing oils
to your troubled history with pickpocket tyrants
and domesticated anger at the sight of loved ones
you have never been a king
you do not understand the great shapes it takes on you
if you could only forfeit your feelings, your fake ambition
and your delicate mockery for post-script pearls
you would find a donkey in the rush
plastic screens and make believe
too tattered to be grateful, a legend you claim
with spots for alimony and fur-rippled pearls for grateful timing
the godfather of Picea
and your placard clocks

Moldova Tuned-Fever

Resonances of Romanian folk dances
Sing for the harp of heaven
Sing for the broken tomorrows
Before the stalled Cadillac radio
Becomes the surface of thoughts
Traditions given weight
To borrowed tomatoes for perfect salads
Where is waste is not found
In the neighborhoods of dance
And heaven’s doline delight

Time in the Likes of St. Peter Petrel

Dissolving into merely adequate history
Where the bar is low and the pace is fast
Too ill-tempered to relegate sober and nuanced designation

Steady state consultation
that the aperture is speedy
and the crown is jeweled by Washington insiders
whispering pleasantries with time-hymned monuments

Aparthotel commencement stones
wavering like rust on moving crabs
like dust on cited books
where Bristol board covenants
on stolen grant Decembers
decide stociously that the morning is wasted
and water does not decide Her

Res Publica Jubilate

Too many tormented statues
tormented meanings
éclaircissement Jubilate endorsement
for planets stowed by milk
stirred by the dew of bell empires
singing with two voices
she was a good daughter, this nation
of embarrassment and virtue
signing treaties with work camp pay
cans censored beyond repeal
swollen ashtrays sing the song
of borrowed sands and lost in jouissance
like daisies for tomorrow
and related frames to menace

This drowning evening

Fine books are burning
burgonet horses shoveling snow
like bikes in the village square
on top stolen patronage, so odd
to see you on this day, this drowning evening
Lamented by the prose of the ascribed pikemen

Jolie Holland

In Memphis
there are princes in the streets
diving into the pavement like fish
singing of romantic tomorrows
lost to yesterday

The Jolie Holland blues
require a couple dollars in your pocket
exhaustion of a hard day
the experience of a mental breakdown
under your belt
and yet the richness of spirit
a faith of emergency giants

The Seven Lost Journals of St. Markian Lewis

The Hesitation of St. Markian Lewis

The shy embankment stations its pipes
for gasoline and water in summer steps
grounded to a conclusion that wheat is not
like stalks of symphony-timing crows
dipping into morning and then hesitating
for the small summer drift of warm water

St. Markian Lewis Vamping on Coalmice

White cheeks in the rain
drowsed on a white picket fence
ignoring the 3.5 rats in the house
father rat aims towards the coal tit
not knowing the difference
between a bird on a wire
and Korea, shuffling towards the editing
of dusk rain

Shots ring through the neighborhood
and the 3.5 rats next door believe they have
the birdgod given right
to inspect the remains of the coal tit
and collect its wages

The Hunger and Bows of St. Markian Lewis

Pashima tyrant spreads her wings
between stolen pipes and cruel
leggings, though she did not dance
in the heat of November members like
squatting cowboys awaiting a bath for their cheeks
will power and salt sees the end of the day

hunger and bows, hunger and bows, hunger and bows
they take the lost terrain
and staple themselves to crow hunting trophies

St. Markian Lewis Finishes First

The fair-haired St. Markian Lewis
was absolved by the court
on earth as it is in heaven
so calls the sobered bells
by the dormant, somnolent
curves made of Her
own fashioning. His God,
She does not call witnesses
without a cup of fire
five miles below the ground
lies St. Markian Lewis's resolve

The Toying and Shelled Fear of St. Markian Lewis

St. Markian Lewis
lost his sacred texts
next to the amphitheater
to be the sky, like
skew-whiff sediment
stolen pearls, lost journals
disrupted vacations
hair cut in place
a scalp not for fiscal
cow-tits leaning towards the West

The Garden Bed of St. Markian Lewis

A deception for informal guests
a recitation eluding narration
and missing clowns of scarecrow doves

beginning to make sense
like lost favors
stolen by chance

Syd and St. Markian

St. Markian's last fabled friend
reached out for morning
to the song that was calling
but he did not hesitate
to fasten the four gates
to keep out the chosen ones
and creep into bed
with the last favor he said
"It is now morning
your formal gavel gift is forming
but without me."

She is Approaching, Tossing the Afternoon from its Wake

Jocund fences for embedding alacrity
stole under counter-like belligerent dances
bellicose mating calls and the rage of the human condition
stalwart tidings in the dance of recall
bound for the higher photon's ferquency and lingering cosmic dust
the pilot ingratiates crying penitence
for Her soporific voice from the wilderness
Her approaching in the tall weeds
where afternoon has hidden from Her glance

Her Name is Hope; She Allows Us to Wait

raceme neutrality does not give gifts
but the One, who is a wonder,
does give vision to the desperate,
floating hands on the back, a Voice
for the falling and failing world, She
sees, whispers, inspires, gives Hope. one could even
call her Hope – a God with a name,
unimaginable before – but She is a God
of Action. She does not demand a
burden or theme that does not see Her, we need
only to wait for Her very close action – and
(re)imagine the sense of *Value*, not
to be shared or left (un)memorized.
Her name is Hope.

Lucrative Shadows in the Sutures of Pawns

cranial plates soap box rhythms
placoid illusions to soft music
soft bones, letting go of the evening triumph
no longer a stalemate dancer, but another self-styled drone bee

Souls meagre and secluded in adroit pastures
too soon to let go, too soon for fresh air
too soon for fragments of history or the frequency of legends
to allow adrift a summons for our collective efforts

A divorce at the head of the journey to adulthood

Heads flown en masse on a train
that neither steer nor abdicate solemn witnesses
an ox of profundity dismasts
as to pouchong rose petals
scanting on the horizon of father's joy
and mother's witnessing of the house
where no one that enters leave the same
a journey of self-scaled disaffiliated thorns
shadows for the crafted trees
Shouts for the pleadable stone sea

Ginger Learning How to Ride Watching

Cross-seeded patina sensory echo ghosts
nudge their way into the shoulder-lines
too stilled to be vacant like the remorse
of sister's lost journals. Too weak for oil paints,
love in the forest of stressed leather patients,
ignoring Halloween in the corner of the day.
Learning how to ride watching soldiers at cookouts,
counting stocks and delaying their reprisal. The gloss
of their appearance leaves cooking oil on saints
and reserved forest weather on stall-crooked
countrymen. But she will learn to ride, watching,
distressed over the bare minimum
and at rest with the tools of atraumatic distantiation,
like a flock of feather phones in the August wind
or the pecking of September among the harlotry
of a baby's nest inside the weighted vacuum
of sordid and calm desolation of grains of Paradise.

Badger scion with coronal thorns

He would never abdicate his seat of power
He has a courtyard pianist
The pianist writes themes for his
various ways and wants of walking
to and fro, here and there
here and there, to and fro but with enthusiasm
the scion lies down on carpets of sold off sand
to bring into equation a thankful glimpse
of a sedimentary catalogue
and stole-wool plantation lilies
of soldiers who are an empire of only one
serving one, protecting one, eating only for the one
they give thanks to, eaten batteries and wastecoats
all, each of the, knowing only one
where thorns pretend to be chords theory cannot reach
and where control does not find a desire
to deceive the day, lowercase across all strata of the one
even classism is an abatement of his curtsy
to a field where desire has blood in its stems of relief
and the conquered find no one among them
has felt the sting of his soldiers's pikes or wreathes

lighthouse stall-weights (unexpected mornings)

Mother trying to sabotage the peccadillo circumference
Rules engage the lighthouse search parties
Blue-collar stall-weights borrowing lines
and forcing an early morning
For goat milk and parochial community dances
Dreams stoned with heads above the clay earth
like unexpected mornings

Poetry is a Responsibility

After learning Nikki Giovanni had passed away.
Dec. 10th, 2024 – 3:00 am

In the next world, if my warrior Queen
God is true / Nikki Giovanni
will not have to fight to be understood

all the waters are calm
all the seas tranquil
all the herds of people,
proper in their rest
in corners on grave symphonies
and tailored sympathies, like farms
owned within the absence of strangers

we are never strangers to ourselves
only granular strangers to our inner truth

A prayer for moments of familiarity
the cost too high to be justified by patience

The hour of arrival

Crystal churches closing their doors on the poor
Reifying evil is the last glimpse of God they will see
intermittent ceiling factories, chandelier spokesmen
and calling winter scourges, like a blight on the truth
of pain / they will see
the greatest lie of Abrahamic religion
is that God's spirit dwells within
no spirit of Heaven could be capable
of harmful adroit presumptuousness
that is celebrated with a ticker tape parade
a parade where seizures and stanzas will not be written
or permitted to stand in court
but, to repeat again, the moon stands
in witness to us all
the calendar will not fail
to call out the truth of burden
at the hour of arrival

The sitting room of censure

disapprobation conferences
demur resurrections
like palpable gentry
in an estate of urban suggestions
no longer on the outside
a geography of truth
where place hold placards
to be seen and explicated
like the environment as a witness
to the growth of seismic crowns
and the girth of suggestive reasoning
singing psalms no more
just the elemental constants
of Earth-bound exegeses

Tomorrow’s ready sands of missing journals

Navigating texts like way stations
Recalling the broken syllable; trust adjourned
forecast to the ready sands of missing journals
remembering only the harm caused by your touch
Stirred into a rhythm of indications, indecision burrows in our throats
Sedated by a lemon parapet on broken soil
banned by grateful insiders of bespoke hierarchy
swallowed by the old gods of rage and plagiarism
disguised as docile messengers, forgetting their craft
soon to be present in the moment, like a drop of rain on a canopy

security guard for the patron saint

spare no expense
gardenias in white and yellow
surrounding a child on a trash heap
Controllability by Mother fragrance
medicine for uncles and grandfathers
atemporal considerations of consentient doorknobs
pleasant smelling grocery deliveries in abject terror
degrading apology with a theanthropic centerpiece
doggedness and Andrea del Sarto
in prison over his place in the Battle of Ramillies
security guards for the patron saint
rat poison under the church for Joseph M. Jacquard

When the Kids Have Stopped Working

Stalled on the treeway
an olive oil change by the side of the forest
the streets lined with pickles and berries
we should have known better
the olives only react to positive feelings
Rescued by unfamiliar plants like emergency signs
a stop sign between the trees and crosswalks
bicycle lanes that stretch for miles
sold salt gold mines left to memory
no children work for vanity and capitalist-fetishism anymore
just kids on bikes like a harvest of olive trees

A Short History of a Spandrel Wall

The spandrel wall was our home
made with newspaper deliveries
and voices that swallowed the mind
far too early in the morning for opium
far too late in the evening for folk electric
the dancing, so subtle, so homely
the ramifications – lost an entire generation
a lifetime to pursue the course
never bleaker than the night lake
and dock trees through the muddy woods
But the spandrel wall, we betrayed
and left one evil man too desperate for hope
a scream in the night having lost his direction
because of our own blatant discoveries
a short history of a bad poem, unearthed

Confessional Liberation that Carries the Lament of Not Being Able to be Realized

For decades I had falsely believed
the repeated extreme hardships
I was seemingly fated to experience were tests
tests of my character
tests of my endurance
tests of my adaptability…
However, at the same time
I came away from those tests
certain in knowing that there are no insights
and there is no wisdom or life experience
that comes from suffering, nothing beneficial
that could not come much more efficiently from
mentorship and education

I did not pass all my tests
I stood up fairly well most of the time
but given the esoteric nature of these tests
to not pass 100% of the time was equal
to failing altogether…
Now, having been far enough away
from Abrahamic conditioning
I see I was not being tested
I was only unfortunate
and those tests and demands on my character
that I endured were not summaries of my life,
my imperfections under such dramatic duress,
not my fault…

Not my fault,
it is difficult to accept
I am so used to believing
I am to blame for not achieving
a perfection of character, despite the circumstances
biological, psychological, environmental, sociological
the idea that I am not to blame (when everyone is to blame)
it is unfortunately counter-intuitive
I am not sure I can ever accept it…
I am not to blame
I was not strong enough
I was not prepared
I was not able to dispense with time
as though I was a saint only legends hold to be true

but none of that was real
It was not my fault
now the heart is commenting on itself
My suffering was not my fault
Not my fault…

Will my mind ever accept that to be true?
However unlikely, I can only try to resurrect hope
that dominion is not the scattering field of truth
and that there is a place for a soft heart
to find comfort in itself
in me, too

Gas Turbines and Commanding Glaciers

It was an easy-fitting judgement
on the house of gas turbines
caught alongside the asymmetries
of tired wars and oblong thrush spotted breasts
thunderous and stridently escaping flames
nocturnal ambisonics lent station rations
like the glowing froideur of May tidings
sandwich boards and street maps
collecting vessels of heat across a loud expanse
thinking sternly about the counterpoint
in the poems of commanding glaciers

execrable doorknobs

There is a path to the golden way
that is, if gold is a matter of worth
just a reflection of a solitary source
weaved into The Great Depression
and stolen from the girdled lantern

Three doorknobs are statues of defiance
you will break two of them
trying to reach the image of gold
why won't you see between the seems
and find rest at the final door, more real than it seems
and find your loose pockets released
where pearls answer not the dust

Winter Abounds

In the heat-soaked afternoons
with the telemetry and high dogs sounding
like the Virginia Gazette on its last press
there are doorways to the morning light
with dim fashioned creations of pearl
washed elliptical-down presence
and salt-confined for dreaming -
too much memory for a soap pastured
and configured mind of elementary dust

Abstruse Servicemen of Plate Tracery

Echoes of tanglefoot laughter
outside on the frosted bench
where the catabolism of joy
sits pregnant like a whale song
in the ditches of starbase mornings

contra proferentem laundry dresses
against the dancing wind like stolen
tin soldiers in the heated winter morning
a dip pen inking frustration against service
and deployed army banks like shattered
chiacked persuasion – the dismissal
of formalized servicemen of plate tracery
without a father or a sound de jure

Decades of Deliberation

The commoming of tossed sacred ground
tokens of persuasion against married scattered toys
adrift in the sanctimoniously harbored escaping sea
stalwarts of dancing atrophy and curds of smoking laughter
like stone pearls lost in the gutter
like silent calls to absent mothers
There is a formal weight to the envied expanse
of moonlight driest dripstone peahen God of light, song, and color
the scattering of the Moabite Stone
where curls of peatland cross saturated entinsol
and the songs's morning thrush
do not betray the febrifuge balcony

The dust and cake of peace(meal) offering

A solitary peasant of sociological industry
a formal apology across the riotous thrown stones
a derivative exponible stolen lantern
soft coal for the older gods
bitumen of forced labor for the tragedy of stonecrop dismantled recall
Call the god near – I am without him now
For I hear the voice of Her calming just behavior
and he cannot measure his temple up to that

The Pelican of inkhorn juste milieu

shabrack crossing saddlecloth armory
of flagitious nouveau riche toddlers
seasoned in European travelogues
like sinking pastime exposure
they will sing as they pray
ingratiated with sold family with enough money for today
the small obituary will remain
they are a cultural-sought primitive stain

She Will Meet Them in the Sand and the Frowning Parade

sagacity warrant for the great mislabeled sparrow

She turns Her head towards the frowning parade
that is like a gas light in perpetual applause
treble enclosure for Her forever sea

Her Hand, lent to the docile, given to me
I will not forget Her promise of direct action
towards the waves of sand-driven tyrants She goes out to meet

She stands in privacy
She stands among the crowded journeys
She will arrive when we are subject to the sandy waves
when we expect only travel and forced abdication of our shortsighted thrones

storehouse where redoubtable singers are elevated

Singers humbled across the defensive four gates,
drowned in the sand cloth for piracy of faith,
troubled like gravel in summer
as lonely as the decrepit winter
dust among the fortified gates
that open freely for lost generals
and seismic states of reconciled stocks -
blessed is a four-edged indoctrination
prayer is the gambled brokerage of inheritance
lost in the correlation
the held obligations –
She sings to those held from beneath
She touches those that have hearts within reach

Sleepers of evening grown

there are no leaves
for those fallen asleep
where shadows spring headaches
and sport coats like feathers and dawn
caffeine to the absent screen
for doorways and grocery drawers
there was not a witness
for your charms
or a tool to defeat
your vacant arms

Julia Jacklin Sits Pardoned

Julia Jacklin skipping on hearts in the clouds
Seldom does she laugh out loud
but she has rested in the present
like a soft-island pearl
too eclipsed within the standing party
parades fall before her
and rest between mom and dad
the last chance for a rust tower
the divided dread under thunder family clouds

Before pearls, the sand

there are stealth whispering trees
in their father's lawn, like a doctor
who has never dreaded a harsh word
or laughed on purpose, finding himself
sold at the art fair, without his tunic
parting sturdy hands for forgiving
and leaving a space open for forgetting

Celebration at the Banquet of Morning

The diagenesis conversations
And the moderate gale sigh
The insinuations are the bureau of our lives

A stencil watercourse
An elaborate Emily Frost
headhunter for book markers
to reinterpret what we lost

Like a song stolen and pale
seized by our indifference
when the morning starts its sail

The figures of coherent time are mourning still

felled locations

where one fountain pen bites you
another snake will not approach
There is a symmetry to our movements
through this junction of inaction and action
like cohorts of time, soft in the treble
and felled locations like Saturn waste disposals
too clear ivory parchment
that carry their own incisors
and pointed flame, bellicose denialism
bellicose mornings, bellicose readings
like a father talking to his dogs
because his children will not hear him

trembling lines of doctors and taste

within the thrush, an oblique
shattered missile aims pointedly
at zero waste subscriptions and
tangible assets that react within reach

we have called the doctor
we did not trouble her to stay
after all, you were not dressed for company
when did you last wash your hair
with tonic water and handmade soap

leashes for motherless as the gravé meadows enters your vision
in wastewater for intent and redress
and handwriting not worth mentioning
we left you without a voice
we took your presence and made
a brittle army for decorating
in the brittle harmony of your eyesight
in the rift of your equations

Startling in the Urban Growth

outsizing dimming lights for the pollution
of the Saints of communal matrimony

downsizing the complaints of feral locksmiths
cordial in their abecedarian returns

formulating a line predisposed
for lighting journey pathways in dark seeds

highlighting a triumvirate return
sailors in the Nuptials of their kin stock

Today in bridle concerns

Taken aback like sirens laughing
Horns cracking at the sound of dawn
we will not mistreat our heroes
but instead, fabricate unwanted proposals
and empty doorway fountains, perceptible
only to merit our sand-sorting sea
immobilized by friendly bankers
and unsettled by scratch-shrug brows
of cloaked and indecipherable incantations
sitting too close for comfort
and too near to be a deserted intention

To be polite

They send you pleasant greetings
to be polite
likewise it has become polite
to let you suffer and be oppressed

Broken rocks in the footprints

Majestic shell-stirred pebbles accustomed to neglect
Hiding under Her feet this night and this morning
She can heal the pebbles, just as She can
bring together what was separated by logic,
consciousness, and regret. This is no steamboat
so fast to escape Her help. She knows
I cannot pray or fabricate words
to honor Her, She is amused at
my recalcitrance, She smiles at me lately
like She knows I am only concerned with the state of my fate
But it is only my own fate
My hand could possibly alter
for better or worse as I do not have
the means to transfer sociological witnessing
She asks, “Is that how you are going to
put it? The words you use are so ordinary.
You can do more. And on many levels. Pray away.”

“You’re Improving”

Dances across everglades grass
marshlands and pedestals early piers
stepping between floors and untenanted
interposed suppression of arts and letters |
the physics of getting older in a path
to the mouse-like hibernations, seemingly
to the vented wharves and streams and all that
is between and his trespassed dollars, playing board games and
working to see Her establish what She has
sworn She would not do. She cannot intervene. |
We cannot be taken for granted. What we
mean to each other is more valuable than
God’s intervention. What we represent is
the lack of a need for intervention.
If we could join and gather to offer hands
and grapes, and orange juice, and apples
at the plate of mercy.

Diastole Consumption on Rockmary Leaves

search coil rockmary leaves
turncoat consumption like dire forgetfulness
left in the heart of all that are grateful,
all that are passionate, like filled diastole vases
and subsequent murmuring, too mislaid
to perceive a downfall, too open minded
to see the last regret, instead
we have woken our armies for nightfall
and initiated a stalemate before the winter's closing

Acts of God

An epiphany is not an act of God
no matter how dire the circumstances

A resolution is not an intervention
no matter how noble the cause

A crisis is not judgment
no matter how seemingly justified

Comprehension is never revelation
there is not an act of compassion
that is not within our reach

The Impasse Up North

Fabricated witnesses
soiled soldiers

Regimented ceiling tiles
fabric archways

A stone relief
a saturated pore

Two times the difference
between the rich and the abstained glory

Celebrated reminders
Solemn oaths
decorated alignments
for the impasse up north

Spaeman of Silicone Mattresshouses

Dross foundry workers
like a spaeman's son of flexible nouns
Moldau rushing past grocery isles
and silverware salesman, the heroes of our day
when the saints of letters fabulate
adjoining matrimony, skilled songs will dry the river
and the salts of long rinsed seas
will be pearl reflections to our ashenware observations

Cat Clyde is on the Ocean

Cat Clyde on an ocean with vast pores
there are no blues singing in the fish
or the octopus that she inhabits from
time to time, being the scarecrow
silent in the winds, she weaves
sands of sonic derision
to and fro like a saint of earth-bound
devils, so that time is your separation
here where they don’t need us anymore

Tomorrow, we fold

tonight we are scarce materials
like savage bursts of accompaniment
that tailor burrowing angles against a doorway
of hallowed memories, never the same way
following overlapping clovers and sky patrons
humbled and staggering
rowing and laughing

menstrual marching bands

communication, my one-time friend
the texts and sources of ha'p'orth
descriptions of elaborate feelings
cycling with sounds of thoughts
like menstrual marching bands
so alone, so accompanied by waves
of required endorsement of parted
soldier weddings

insula bravery now tided
entitled, the consulting king
barking canines, groove channels
here representations
to home-bound recantations

sang of hallelujah
in the shower, blood down our legs
this side is better
not betrothed to any incisor melody
but by own angelic-glowing abstinence

soon she will arrive
told of by the dawn
by Homer and Groucho Marx
like hammers wasting away
on nails pinning the present moment
like doctors in recess
she does not cease from breathing alimony
told favors, told lies, told forever spies
incendiarism hallways, sold reignition
to the lovely daylight
and lady of drowned reprisals

Haley Heynderickx

Swans flutter around a pond of street water
Horns barricade solemn strength gateposts
fingers cry out in perfect harmony
like a stranger from the balcony
One who is good, like a tired owl
never meaning to harm prey, she sings
with the bringer of bells
token meadows like the fraction of arms
only the beat at the silent and collective drums

Chambers of Properties

Vitoria-Gasteiz strung to past and present tenses
rebetika out of place on the centerpiece
where the imagination has crafted community
and condolences, for now appealing to grateful
distended crab spider trees, like silhouettes
of softened craters displaying cradled timber
solanaceous properties, reinventing the
wheel of pivotal moments in the eyes
for God's great sailing magnitude
today, and always abiding, in the chambers of elocution

From the Sun to the Unaltered Sea

Swimming around tyrants on toy-shaped fishing boats
sailing for shark fins and dolmen-esque pools of sliding carpentry tools
where he does not break silence over the camping gear and scolded
breathing masks worn into his skin like a fragment of a journey
sent into tempted marketplaces with fragile wounds and cursory
blanket-filaments where one is vacant and a second is plagiarized

Swimming for the second source of a succumbed ticking missile
grateful he has squandered the last of his coins in the pedestrian
stark-running happy with pheasant trees and lightened ornaments
like source-bound one and one and forgetful Athens placeholders
the southerly slow market, gaining grams for extraction
like toothaches and marble stalking-crows and hammered indifferent
tool-makers, for leaving sisters behind on the front line
and for leaving tyrants on the sands of the island
they have run to surface not knowing where or how to find
laughter in forgotten traits of sand-driven mines

Driftwood Tested Melodies

with the weights and the sun coast
driftwood brings tinkerers to asphalt crested tits
flapping adroit and soulful, singing shorthand
like waves on the sun coast, they are not from here
they have been searching for solid ground
to run into trees of pearl-handled placet strokes
for the good of modern love, they swing post-totalitarian
past tomorrow, like a tested array of melodies
with pulp and pampered meandering

A hall pass from God

Discipline is more valuable than money,
more important than transcendence,
and might even be a hall pass from God.

Within the mourning wintersong
winter quarters are silent
spreadsheets dispose nocturnal engraftment.

Leading this way or that
the final pearl rejected
not really wholesome,

Or rejuvenated with the sick soldiers
like a temporary doorman
in the evenings of halls and mirrors.

Barbed Wire Curtains

patience with barbed wire curtains
among the dull restraints of yesterday's autumn harvest
too immune to the differences
too demure to be casual with the obstructing play

Silence is lost in these transient moments
like crystal shattered and tired
like champagne never tasted
or beheld before the grand master
of bottom floor hotels
and residual poorhouse cells

Doorway Indices

The sailors's manifesto
is curtains drawn on the customs
of our better selves and doorway indices

The stalwart lining
so short with tempered alimony
and shaded ferns of albatross laughter

Solidify a trade of malcontents
again at the doorway indices
against all might and the freedom of fallen

twitches of concern

Brighter Lightening Stones

regret and flagstone persuasion
among the tattering courts and courses
like a mistake in the disheveled millstone
and rock bottom at the end of targeted recursion

faithful to a matter of degrees
dependable like a wax army
bright lightening stones
brought down by a gathering of walled dissent

The Judge of the Ocean

The hours taken up by the salted sea
do not portend like a southern sky
when the rush is over and traffic is still
the judge of the ocean comes up
from the spring of winter fish
like a frozen despot, still and unharmonized

like a fit of our swelling, adroit timber
left its rocks to the sacred hands of the of ocean hallways
how can I tolerate the cold water
when the light is in the salt
and the weight of our collective conscience
is drowning every remembered, manifested song

Seeing the Moment Laugh

There are poisons like shade over the earth
poured into every cup of celebration
kin to matrimony and laughter
there are moments between the moments
that cry like dice in an ashtray
and crumble under the siren song of trembling, disheveled destiny

She was here and She still is
Her hand on my shoulder, she stands beside behind me
comforting and encouragement go a long way to finding peace
and an ease of patience with myself
She is the River Along All Seas of Selves
She is the Peace in the Heart of the Trees
She is the Moment Between Moments, seeing and perceiving
with sober reflection for all
no wasted time on enjoinment or fraught relationships
just timber tool chests and happy tombs with tones of highlighted
running rivers, running rivers, all along the manicured seas

Criminal Apples Listening to *Songs From The Capeman*

Orange steams in his hearing
A barrage of stellar nurseries
Singing tales of obsequy treasuries
Ignoring the passage between bread
And spoiled cheese, not present
But the moment

The moment the frog
Becomes one with you
Is a dream unto the memories of silence
What was that like?
The memory has faded
There is no silence
It never existed

It has faded like a dream
There is no dream
It never existed
Just stellar nurseries of treasuries
Of oranges and apples
Lost in his hearing

The last birthday I will see

Magnets in the Heart of Contemptuous Labor

Here, standing pearls without
Books of salt-driven love,
Goes grocery bicycles
And cellar stereos
That drift between injury
So low, only the bass can hear it.

Without Homes and Dressings

Mathematically speaking, you say,
Wind turbines exist for soft landing evenings
For us to sing dull fairy songs under the rites of night's passions
And collapse in on each other like warm milk to a tyrant.
Mathematically speaking, you have said,
The heart that wanders, but still does not break,
Does not find a home under torrential glass and harpoon sidewinders.
Any other honest heart that would take it, for a moment to stare,
Would only cause more sorrow and commit to promises too narrow for yesterday
Compared to where it came from, apart from unearthed clay breasts.

Forensically speaking, you insist,
We should have crossed paths like sidewalks leading to nowhere
Unsung on doldrums of rehearsed entries and scolded snow under waste
And the speaker's iron from the foment of opposition
Where cabbage forced into a spread did not excite you or chain you to America's glory
For whistle towns and tossed electronics. We did take every care to invite you near
Dog-made indecision under the cover of happy endings.
You have not the forensic experience or the financial authority
From which to draw from like ache that will never be forgotten or undressed the same.
To this end, your heart wanders, always home inside itself, always a witness of America,
And there is no home anymore, but the forced mistake of dreams, sold to you
For the Tuesday afternoon buffet, where your body was on the menu.

Vacations for Orphaned Dock Workers

We are each forced to write a song
For those above, below, and beside us

We tamper with the walking line
So as not to disturb the dichotomy

Of stolen teeth in the whistled speech
Of matrimony of tolerant ashes

Sober for unclung rationale
But we will cling, still clinging

And cling to the line we wait in
Songs for those above, below, and beside us

Hollow praises for carriage minivans
And sad entry to the end of this line

Payday Thoughtlessness in Soot and Pearls

There are stems within the pearls around her neck
They grow and keep an ecosystem of standards alive
Growing and multiplying over the years like a harsh embankment
Of stones with wildebeests and forged hallway counters
How did we ever afford these counters?
How are you not so countered to my dismissal, this self,
My forever hold to a longing for the subconscious signature
To become apparent to all, like shopping in the district of God's brain
There are so many small thoughts, that do not make it past
The first light of day's smugly concerns

There are doorsteps to the stems within the pearls around her neck
I know those doorsteps, I have traveled each one, and I have seen
That the balance of life is continuously being on the lower step
Of a higher stairwell turn of the ladder, and calling that progress
A process so reluctant, we cannot tolerate its simplicity

Here is where I can find the soot and coal and gas cloud collision matter
Upon the interim of the stems within the pearls around her neck
Each pearl is a thoughtless payday, one that reaches out and attempts
To withstand greater pleasures than exist within this subspace reality
She is not the lantern you thought she was, and the pearls are a stealthy
Cloak of denial that you hide your shame behind, hiding from the
Misdirection of love that brought you near, to here, so far from home
Thoughtless love, is the payday advance, of the denial of self, and one's true
Motivating factor, that remains within, where the bird entered your nose
And all the birds were God. All the birds are God. All the birds have always been God.

Potatoes at Rest

Gold plated potatoes, leaning against the grass
Preparing for the auction, so adroit
And derelict, pursuing a broken cloth
Like a planet where the rain never stops

I was missing
Until you found my hydrangea
Now I am seeded
In the rain
On this foreign planet
Too soiled
To forfeit my rest
Where the cherry apples do not scorn
Or give grace to a fool like me

Visitors on a Monday Night, Vacant and Sternly Warning

There was never an orchard in those days
I did not hold a towel
Over our bodies
We did not rinse in sands of equations
Or tailor our amusement to the burning flags
Of yesterday's countries

I did, however,
Get you to read fiction
I believe you liked it
Or so I am told
We could not tolerate our different
Stages of learning
We could only love in the shower
Where I preferred not to
I always preferred not to
But it was the only language you understood
Like a stone with flowers growing out of its belly
It did not sink, but it could not stand

With Leaves Upturned

These are the groaning days
I see no beauty in the forest
No husbandry or a hand mill of our senses
There is no lurking laughter
No strokes of luck
No blessings, no being of one mind
No stalk weed moments ignoring the sun
Just blisters and ashtrays with leaves upturned
And I will not forget
What it was like to remember

The Tyranny of Breakfast

Just a moment longer until we taste the foil
Swimming in our balcony, no asteroid forgettings
No hard sleep
Just a moment longer
After the triumph of regret becomes stainless
Like all pre-made time
And all time is pre-made
For you

Poisonous Oyster Shrubs

In the still, silent speaker’s wind gasket
Lies the faint resemblance of a crowing noon
So soft to the touch, razor blades for wings,
And she lies for adornments and June
Not knowing where the oyster went

Stolen for the Afternoon

Remove that tilt from the earth
Sleep until Thursday
Under a bed of ash-riddled roses
Smoke like the fire's just come home
After a long weekend, with land and subterfuge
And dormice weddings, stolen,
For just the afternoon.

Silence and the Speaker

God stopped talking to me
I hear no more corrections
No support, no clarifications,
No crystallizations in my mind
Of the things that God intended,
No even in my dreams
To elaborate on the interweaving
Of the commons and community

God has stopped talking to me
My mind is hollow, a breeze in a trap
Where locusts breed their carnal envy
I am like a failed sun, no light
Comes from me, no seismography can be tolerated, no,
Not between the doorway and the twiddled stem

No Surprises for the Valiant

“no more wars in the terebinths”
I calmly and politely portend
a stream of my anxiety
issues forward like a gospel of cheating spies,
spies that cannot be honest
and where no mountains whisper her name,
our rejoinder, our cause for fame
our negated knighthood in the dove’s
failing disposition

There are two meters here
One for the door, and one for the brave

The interlude of frequent intolerances

She was there
on the mountain
gripping Her hand
before the captured peoples
She saw the stalwart tidings
in the firm abyss of the smoking strangers
too hungry to be indisposed
too enamored to be sure of Her intentions
but I saw Her,
preparing for a confrontation –
and no longer reluctant, not any further,
to take Her peoples home
When the wind catches up with Her
It will have forgotten Her name

There are no more strangers in the terebinths

Elijah has been lost to me for years
He thinks I have forgotten his ways
His memoirs, his tattered journals
But I have always held out hope
That he would abandon the cause
In preference for the good

The good, or so the word denotes,
Does love like a flower to the lost,
Breathing under a telescope
For meteor sightings, and flaming
Sports cars, riding into the sky
Elijah thinks his silence will fool me,
But I hear him breathing close
The fire is about to be betrayed

A Tariff on Trust

Slowly, a meandering hunger
saws off frostbitten fingers
to make stew of coals in the fire / persistent it will find joy
Slowly, a patient stands naked
not awaiting surgery, or a visitation to witness / but a cubical stream of different magnitudes
Slowly, the paper dissolves / repeating its envy / too tossed to be in airborne
like paper rakes through fire / hidden in placated journeys
and when the fire returns
its hunger is not satiated / but stipulates a cure /
Through force and manipulation
the drawling attire in the duress of
street glad tidings, sing straight lines / coalesced like morning jackets
for forest groves / blistering coals
and broken swords / still in the torrid perpetuity
For the day that may
a primitive future,
like the dull days \ of an empty spring

Resolutions and Desolations

Her grip sailed past the afternoon corn
Past the rain-trees and forest canopy
For the early mornings of June
We sweated in bed, atoning for our disgrace

God's mask is not loved or foretold
She lives inside the cracks in the concrete
Wearing tailor-made smoke signals
With the subconscious signature as a hat
To cross Her pelvis is to be born in good health
Forever loved, like those sweaty beds in June

Earth is the Consequence

Earth is the consequence
Of charming laughter
Smoking salads in plain oyster trees
Loved like dice on the table
Loved like a telepathic pitcher plant

I have handed over my disgrace
To the drooling moon, staying up all night with me
I have handed over my talisman of deranged fortunes
Too settled to conquer sleep
Too erased to be placed in time
Earth is the consequence of mirrored chimes

The Rage of Historical Context

Chattahoochee
Wedding bands
Over our shoulders
Revisiting the same institution
For the fifth time
Sex in the woods, on a park bench
In the suburbs
Unwanted showers
Effeminate men / turn off for the sub
Dr. Manly Man
Bleeding out your ears
For the sound of a harmonica

A Merry November Subclass Anniversary in Six Parts

The author postponed

The smaller door
Was for the guests
The large golden gate
Was for the servants
We have tripped a few wires
In our intercepted equity
We do not decry the lost sheep
Let him graze
Let him be free
Let him live
This is only one moment
Not the close to close the door on you
An apology that will never come
Salutations from across the park
The sloven and broken ashtrays in the dark

Singin' in Harmony with the Devil of Ashtrays

The underlord of ashtrays
Sings beside me
She does not want to purchase my sole
Or replace my shoes
She knows I have walked miles to get here
No, she wants the company
All others have abandoned her high hells
A promise forever
She asks me to keep
Without really asking
I hear her singing from the distant steps
She will not be missed. Even though I agree to the promise, all the same
A matter of steps, without solvent regret

Pillows in the Canopy of Broken Stairways

Hallowed singing, no, chanting
Here we have nickel-and-dimed the infinite riddle
We have loved each other
A moment lasting withing a lifeline
Beneath the broken stairway
Where we dirtied pillows
And threw away the canopy

Replaced instead by you and me
Hoovering like witnesses to time

Let us workshop a broken marriage

Let us workshop a declining matrimony
Let us be obsessed with difference
Hoping that love is strong enough
To fight against it and still win
Like tadpoles in the revelry
Of chartered ships in dry riverbeds
No hopeful tune shall appraise us
No sculpted rhyme shall attain us
A therapist who spreads her legs to test us
We only failed our children
We had already failed ourselves
Before we even met

A song for you this morning

We could not find a prayer to suit us
We could not find a roof to shelter us
We could not be alone unless you count the deaf,
Unable to interfere with our loud sounds
Of love and frustration
That time you slept in your sister's bed
I had to block the door
Just to avoid being thrown to the floor
Outside in the sewer lay secrets
You will never know
How literal must I be
To show you that your presence is felt
And so, so gone

It took years

My visitation to insanity took years to recover
All you had to do was insist on medication
But you were too foolish
To be responsible for another
A disability I endured by myself
While you played housewife
To a broken man
What must you have been pretending
To not recommend a cure

Just to wait out what required treatment
You failed me
I suffered so long
Leaving you was selfcare
But it cost me a promise along the way

Bobby and His Grinning Flag

We all die with the soldiers singing
“Me and Bobby McGee”
Like a Friday streetlight out
In the morning
Torrents of sold love to the
Minimum bidder
Smoldered wet sounds
Of pets in the workshop
“I told you I didn’t want to be here”
“I never cared for what you had
To say,” sings the soldiers of God’s
Misfortune
A lie to the hawks in
Diving supper sparrows
Alone among the ashtrays of wild lion-trees
Pulling the strings on the parade of Sunday joy
Polling the pews like a splintered wish
“don’t you want totalitarianism,” she says
“not if it means I must sleep with
you,” I retort
Do not touch me
Do not come near
Do not attempt to flame dual
Lantern dreams
When milk singing oranges will do
Leave me to my bitterness
And hollowed equations
Of a disguise meant for soldiers singing
No key under this flag
This fabric that betrayed me

Circumstantial Elodea in Short-Stern Withholdings

Notes on the morning of Nov. 5th, 2024

There is a tattered math
to the elements of bodily waste
Canadian pondweed tied into
the superstructure, for'ard
and dreich television nominations

All my love, part-song for
tremolandi tuck-waste holdings
astraddle cognitive foreplay
and stenciled perfumed waste

Songs for last desperations
Wroclov theatres trebuchet
ducking below the Canadian pondweed
mathematically present and holding astern
parted by circumstance, adrift among the abatement
and milk-tyrant solidago shortcomings

They got to me before the voices

The doctors got to me before the voices
They first told me I was schizophrenic
But I would not believe them
I would spend another two years in heavens disgrace
I sorted this out between myself and God
This was my medicare

Then they told me I was bipolar
This would account for the mania
This was before it was commonly known
What antidepressants would do to that
I hurled further down the seize of detention
With wanton dreams of elliptical formable posture

Then a doctor ushered the world schizoaffective
He offered me hummus if I were to go to Egypt
My ex-girlfriend was his secretary
She had dissociative disorder
That is not a joke. Her many places lived according to
A subconscious signature, that I wrote long ago

She return to offer me her heart
Upon my final diagnosis
But I could not move back into betrayal
I was a new man, left with nothing but two and a half years
Of decent and decorum, and signage from what my father
Threw at me, and my mother threw from me
Where did this man not have siblings
To take me in and share the burden

Proper and Honest

An honest man couldn't be schizophrenic
A schizophrenic man couldn't be honest
I am not honest, perhaps I should be able to tell

The differences between a dependent of mercy
From the sky, from the heavens, from medicated dreams
Or just the grace of good doctors that will not poison me

But I am proper and honest, I have no room to tell
But I do have a room, it is not camping in Europe
Or jumping from planes, which is the only way to get to the camp site

I am proper and honest, I will have no dreams tonight
And they will not be of you, with a different face
I will no experience the visual disposing frequency of your watch

However, I will hear you in the morning when I wake
You will be with me when I listen to the morning coffee
The slow vape of persistence that quells with new structure and peace

What peace? What is the sound of peace? Perhaps they will mimic it
If I learn its disguise. If I know what peace sounds like I can eject from
This rhythm of detention for all I have done. Because I am proper and honest.
Can you not tell?

She came watching

Take every song
Your heart and shield
the erosion of first utilities
the vanguard of disability
to persuade to wholesome community
never listening, always watching
the schizoaffective motherearth

In the depth of global thought broadcasting
There was a siren for all who could tell
but she couldn't tell,
tell he was laughing at the sun
in all despair for allegiances and
silver moons.

A theology of temperament
Stands between her and the equator
for all her sons unborn to mothers
never vacant
never heard
despite the slow, drawling sound
of schizoaffective motherearth.

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Was for the guests
The large golden gate
Was for the servants
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What must you have been pretending

To not recommend a cure
Just to wait out what required treatment
You failed me
I suffered so long
Leaving you was selfcare
But it cost me a promise along the way

Previous Incarnations

Among all previous incarnations
We were puppets pulled from dancing strings.
Did you not dance in the doorway
Within the bleeding channels
Of rivers that may?
Tied to the last sting
Of sophisticated ellipses
And broken storehouse portals –
Put me to the test
And I promise I will not sing.

Sold and Regretful Ceremonial Pails

There are many scabbard memories
Tied to pails on the ground
Ceremonial matrimony where the paperwork
Is long since documented by radge secrets
And secretaries that warned you
Against being tied to a pail on the surface
Below the mascle lounge of wonder
And blended roses that totara memories
Could not sell for celebratory wine

Stolen Moons for Foster Siblings

Makassar treasures shipped to
Stalwart doting islands
Adrift among doctored ports
Like lovers in the abyssopelagic
Sober moons – brother
Sister – White House moons,
Stolen for a banquet that only appears in dreams
Disaffiliated remorse for the former
Indoctrinated preparations for the latter
The dreams stay with you
Long after the hope is gone
When faith is weak, hope is far
Stolen moons for being too close to a star

Mark-to-market Den mothers

Sober cat melodeon trains
Fragrant in honey and sugar
Sopaipilla merchants docile
Hammers tearful in the rain
The animals's theft of mother mood

There is no singing to the den mother
There is no patrimony tearful
For reluctant jives or mercy beads
Of hollowed nervous tendons
Like sand within that is built
In metered time

St. Timothy sleeps with older men
During all nighttime hours
Sober and melodic
Somber and anachronistic
Tuesday talking to spider moths
For Wednesday praises
Singing off key

For the one coming soon
The one already here
And the division of our labors
The animals's theft
And the metered sophistry of keystone marinade

love-in-idleness

hearts refrain
from moral laughter

symphonies are not doting
in lecture halls

where no triumph does decry
the seldom shifting of spring

Center Blocks

I do not recall
What average citizens do
When they pause
To center themselves

When I attempt
To center myself
There is a constant
Interference of blocks
Falling and intruding
Like a never-ending game of Tetris

I cannot find solitude
I cannot offer peace
To anyone else
I can only love
And worry I am not doing it right

Fire without flame in short dress pants

We all got lost
trying to escape
there was a mentor
who did not retrieve the package
but instead, sold his honey
for lunch meat and sacrificed angels
for frosted grocery counters
like ice melting in the rain
like fire without flame

Growth Customs

There is a laboratory
on a peacock island
too small for merchant ships
or flowers like dung weasels
too blocked in fortitude to sing
father tulip's praises
and scratch their backs in panic

There is a laboratory of growth customs
that will certainly see a decline
a decline in Sunday walks
in patronage first, salutatory weddings second
too small for frightened trains
and the mildew of forged memories

Forgotten Labors

Communal dispersal and winds like ashtrays
gas in the air, in our veins
forcing us to spread apart
so that they might break through our lines

There was a moment I forgot who you were
All those early years
in which I yelled “Rise” though the town’s templed crowds
the gates now like bruised puzzles
assuming we have been precariously muzzled
and are not simply biding our time
the perfect memory
is the resemblance of a sutured crime

Smoking Drafting Yard

I.

A matter of frank time
for noble clefs and pitches
to fall under the leader
A song of the matchless
sober endorsements for parental appraisal
the goats between sheets of skin
are out and about within
the creator's space on earth
and the crafter's spell on her

II.

She, my God, seems to have been silent
has let me fall under my own knees
I don't seem to be the only one
victory was never meant for us
the victorious is never the virtuous
that is not the fable of the earth
the dirt sings richer songs than this
the soil embalmed for her touch

III.

I remember Her hand, ever so prepared
She says She is still there
Look for sight, look for shining soliloquy
fortitude is the dismissal of self
like a young singer who forgets her song
we will always hear that we are often wrong
forging memories like soil under our feet
apart from the summer of extreme mistrust

Soul in Orbital Decay

War loans and stock in carabineer
Stethoscopes, like blue Mondays
in the settling fall afternoon,
too much in totality to pardon the whisper
too much in gravitational distress to spare
an incisor for fall afternoon, for Monday
when the orphans of the desert take up arms
and are not recalcitrant with the witness in orbit

Companion

Where does all the giving go
just a nonce for primitive tidings
or do we make tosses for branches indisposed
        and fragrant on star clusters
        more sensitive than ruins

do we ever found more magnificent
    howlings, or drift in windpipes and
    silent offerings

    I will give all my offerings to her
    she brought me into life
    I should have born more wisdom
    at a younger age

but so I will not forget
all intrigue and star foundings
I will give my first companion
To He who made us both
        clusters are venerate wrens
        wrestling with the companions of words
        and sighing delight for mother stars

Kettle horses

The way you wish to recover
Is not like a dream

Not like a kettle
In authoritarian affairs

Though I can see
That giving them over
At any one given moment in time
Will be like fire
Be like kettle horses

Conjuring a past of translucent states
That march on the periphery of stalwart dawns
And cry to Mary
    Show me my compass
    Show me my affairs
That I would not have to wait long
For recovery. Try to decipher between
Love and cults, let the morning sun
Introduce you to languid hearts
Smote in the fire of resistance
And closed with a half breath
Strung in the attire of dreams,
Of morning echoes, that are dire
And remembering a love that parts a thousand dreams.

Show me my recovery
In a brittle song
Measured in beetle shells
I am not walking to behold the scenery of plantation lilies
That speak of alternate routes of misery and tribal
Confusion. In the morning we shake the saw dust out of our pockets
And rise to new states spoken in testimony of night vespers,
That stole the remembrance of our dream.

If doves are memories
They are not difficult to impart
If sloth is earth shining
It is not the men of dreams
That dwell shallow strangers
And conjure the dismal wake of dreams

But truth in an old hymn
That incited our imparting
That woke the first kiss
From this morning light.

White Cornelian Cherry

These dogwood palms, contrarian houses
Corf corbel ligaments fountains stern well

Buried leaves respite conspicuous buds
Esplanade commuting coast counsel bells

Better rills descended perambulate
Walking monuments bitter morning light

Water loathed and touched grass curtains
Torched yellow resurrected roots sign night

String cabinets aside empty palms for May
For gregarious candles sailing right

In kind, display these mountainous lips
And haunt grieved propositions flight

Accessibility ornamental
Does not withstand Plains a journey still

In Praise of Her Story

Her traits adorn a sedulous stylite
Struggling to regain her precision
The lady is bowing her head
The torch is rising too high

Her roof is leaking
Water drips on an old piano
She can barely keep in tune

The grass has grown knee high
Soldiers surround her estate

The gardener has been given excessive privileges
To implement his policies
And disregard the public heart
Which strains its ends
To tie his hands

The madmen have left their mirrors
And entered the villages
They cannot be told apart
From the monks or the citizens

The anger has left the voices
The heroes have left their shoes

The effusion for our labors
Are ripples in sustained residency
Cast off between her governing
Reduced to a pin-up
With flowers in her hair

Language of Flowers

embrace the water for long civil ends
forget langued stars will watchers displace
sit tentage ruins for thrum around mends
let embrittled language move still disgrace

loud form a soft lancet violence retraced
but let the evening shattering recoil
for what are landward fool's love food for grace
but embroidered patina of frost soil

a frightened earth's landtie stood soutache oil
a sentinel matted for shrubs God stole
the indecent worshipped far worse than toil
for this forever sententious hold
earth's language of flowers speaks seldom faith
but insists a vacuum of pride and hate

Cradled Tenure

The melody of
    uninterpreted mothers
    is only the word
    for daily use
    as a centerpiece
    to states in shapes
    of sobriquet injunctions
customary delivering, upbringing
a generation from colonists courts,
judicial patois with a broken leg
tossed through rusticated portals
assembled at Amsterdam
    in the presence of
    husbands, to the joy
    of their fathers,
outside of Lemberg
outside the gallery,
    in the presence of messengers
    tight-lipped and tarantismal
    convened by strangers
    with lentils of milk dew husks.

Commonplace eruptions

the appearance of the audience
supply lines, in recidivistic fatigue
shortening their rhythm, for recommendations
to compensate the commonwealth,
they are our armory
commission on the frontlines
to recompose the available
determination of our honor.

the appearance of the audience
misprison for trilogue recursions
germinating on the lens of our marked behavior
slack syllables demonstrating
our febrile metrical organization,
in the length
of matted gold
in bold supplied
for lost wages
for fabulation
in the reigns of doctrinal
authorities, like resin
misfire,
token economies in
the perusal of tentative
leisure.

the appearance of the audience
numbering smokestacks with satellites
as pessaries to our token economy.

Passenger on a magnetic leaf

I am near
the pit and the pond
where dwells the ancient
upon blades of grass, cut
with paperweight and mangled exposure.

I'm near to them they say,
under salutatory trumpet stands
politely whispering thunder for
augmented trials
for allamanda didicoi
receiving an estimate,
a count.

where have you?
was there
under curtains of asphalt
made by libations of rain
sorted to attire for men's leisure
where red and green won't work
or compound the slavery
with the final touch
of their masked indifference
on the market board
in the furnace
for allamanda pits
and darkened persuasions

a guide, a leaf turned sideways
along the carpet of green trials
for uncertain stance in alabaster trajectories
sung for certain
for four leaves in winter
upon disclosure
of our heart's withered intent.

I'll do better
under grass curtains
for inexhaustible refrains
on salutatory allegro fountains
for salutatory tenacula houses
in the deep thalassic rains.

Trimester Commission on Marked Inlay Puddles

securities and exchange
tinkle profuse winters
under neglected impanelment
fiddler doorman cricks
chairman breaks the bier
his altimeter, his amble presence
retreating to the academy
for four days,
a dozen allusions,
an ambulatory covering
for resurrected indefatigable
inlays on coffin surfaces;
furor from the balcony
nondescript conductors
gain entry, pose circles
in prevaricate rhymes.

Households resurrected on railroad farms

a consultive moment
dropping pertinacious eyelids
a sea mile from coarse laughing
predatory fresh water drift nets,
    drivers in chronic reason
    not classical
    not romantic
    but an adroit flushing to
    our established weights
like agrocultural dissemination
drinking comely celestial fountains
for a comedy of magnate manners.

In the pulmonary caress
    of our out-stitches
    our fountains, our assembled rest
    we tie factories, we bind monuments
    in consultive moments
across the arched wheel spinning in
the undelivering noon sun
in households
on railroad farms
we are not driven
but patient for raised platforms
on the hull of sown indifference.

Prince of Memphis

annexed communities of hostility, the same
formed through the role of immigrants,
the end of
sentiment
toward the end in the claiming of
military colonies, the minority, black
and white forever in their dissent.

the law should compare
to prevail, a rebellious elder
lowered to rigid consolations
admitting handwriting, omens
and dark nesting tigers
supply the possessor, explained
nothing, no rest,
no worthy compliance
in a house bought by corroborated
testament.

The mournful temple
the place lastly mentioned
for drunkards named Berber
and populated weight,
accounts of the morning we meet
face to face without the displeasure
of foreign occupation.

blessure and joy

exploration and fulfilling Purim;
casually emptied of all ends
towards macaroons from Spain,
from unadulterated fountains,
        from members imposing sayings
        to both the bride and the groom
as a name for quickened loose change.

Kodesh falls on Jerusalem
                acrolectal birth
in the township of peace
come to be, in writing,
through different practitioners
leaders given to young inordinate
houses, black market educations
subsequently with speed
provide the public will and dreams
of ghost that have been
placed with unlimited drawling
proverbs of political repression.

Asaph's Paradise

Asaph leads the choir in May
on the banks of tombs for mourning feasts
where lepers chant and hear
rendering the only crime untranslated
by visible signs and holy company.

Radiant and pungent weeds stir morning
tribes among a variety of case words,
stigmatized by hospitality, distinguished
by gnats and mosquitos covering masses,
running veils, for fighting, for well known
instruments, for guards authorized
to attend Asian temples.

His readable memory is presented to the king,
to the upper region in frank dialogue.
assemblies with violins
with harps
with basset-horns and mandolins
insist tension on doublet factions
weeds in the market grove catch
mud from downpipes and flow into the sea
with a thousand men remaining,
a thousand horns performing.

Thereafter

Give over innate oppression, fool sands,
breaking weather stirring apathy and guilt
for common clauses, turpid discretions
and able hands.

Reach for gratitude
inquire upon pillars
stand on mountains where you belong
stand on leverage, on salvation
on adamant commands.

Intervene for conviction
stammer only in dreams and let
the morning sun wash away all doubt,
all gross fashions, all modern tasks
that make fortune a diminutive of wealth.

Compliment the pursuit of peace
with the circumstance of the stranger
you cannot make peace your friend
when you assert yourself over others
you cannot make peace with God
when you assert yourself at all.

Deported laundry

nervous harmony
ambition
operatic excelled
localities in sacred form
splendor in group instrumentation
tendencies in diverse lofty pursuit
standard customary d’amore

while imperial establishments
invite cordial circles
predilections remain

having died from long experience,
less distinctive services, mention
Miller and Blake. One meeting
dressed in black vaudeville circuses
along turnkey compositions. One
young man from Alabama advertising
love, contained characters,
discovered theatre, represented
assaults by lay audiences.

negative propositions from
a hurried court, she is a woman
of argument, she has gained
a certain fame, ravissement pierces her texture
her tone and pace
opens elliptically
    “Ha!” white and red
        rounded moments
        invective, fertile, withstands

wet with the rain of heaven,
see and hear the Most High God
dwelling in his glory. he learned
his heart, his gods of silver clay
where certain heads of houses cannot
stand to work. Over this
it is turned away from us.
Sennacherib stricken, to grief,
to grain.

Can you turn away again?
hostile to translation, culture
chimed with a curious challenge.
assumptions through consanguinity
heading significantly to broad kind
kinships, for well-being, for group
filiations for Francophone initiations.

from childhood
asking for more than food
reasons in detail
out of a wheel, an officer,
trying to learn privilege, untenable

elite structures take
marginal perspective
almost casually
corporate interest,
class interest
almost casually
losing their faith,
freely, from devolved members.

agrarian borders
structures of steep
metal frames
conceptualize
processes, pluralists
relationships

interacting with
Change

Blocked roads (girasol eyes)

I saw her staring up
to satellites above the earth
holding a sign,
and giving away her location.

She told a story
of the women left behind
in the middle of Iraq,
overwhelmed in communications
she saw me watching
she saw me looking
her bright red hair aflame in the desert.

She called me by name
send greetings
God speed
promises of sorrow and affliction,
I imagine a sure difference
between the respect of those who suggest
the acclaim of those already present,
it's just an arrival, found in necessity
in a circle
seeking to and having begun

Rahab proffers security,
like quilts from selfless mothers,
or the appearance of a grandfather with his reading glasses
having a conversation in secret
where fear is mistaken for confidentiality
where certainty is resigned for hands reserved and crafted
calloused lips, sanctioned towns
blocked roads
for an illusion, a family tie.

reducing power struggles

Power wants redundant conflict
there is nothing more reliable than an unaware collaborator
test measures; a prehistoric kitchen
long handled oars
draughty cave mouth, presumptuous somatic cells
sell ruins for agriculture
temperance for solitary confinement
drums in phonemes
masking tape in mother cupboards,
a small functioning unit
a bit to turn the horse's mouth
the whole body in a whale

a female inside another
likelihood (behavior is an ugly term)
recovering a country
through a child
still developing, still growing
x-ray dolphins in this century
doesn't account for much
a group of islands
a cave entrance so small
only one man can enter at a time
Elijah hid there, he went away
in the same stanza
Amos was adopted / we offended him
insinuating his services demand payment, milk
(reward and punishment) emphasizing features
an orderly process, milk (an ugly term)

Pampas Grass in Gadroon Winds

Shame is sealed into bones with dexterous winds
and blind-man compasses, solvent and graceful
she bows the tip to bonding matter, effacement,
duress in salutary sweetbriers
stolen from window panes
from grass tattered curtains,
from lower hosts.

Commanded for the chaff
the wicked and the sublime
esteeming cordial winds
for flowers that may.

Their fathers are in curtains
inside brittle plantation lilies
inhibited by docile children,

by situations robbed of convention.

In Cana and Capernaum, children
sing, planish sortilege
read hymns
read psalms
for salvation
for broken windows
for fountains everlasting
from vines that exceed wisdom
and contempt.

funambulist's fountain

The wind elides tightly
on morning grass
on couples's comfort
for shades of distinct satisfactions
and reservoir fountains
in May, in June, and all ailing requests.

Perhaps in the morning there will be fountains
made of steel-wool
for sliding glass
for doors of evanescent transposed lines
like fragments for camel humps that decipher
rhythms and star-belled mountain stops.

In the morning, it will be winter,
even still, I have made my place
for winter
for spring tidings
for evanescent mountain stops
in decalcomanian vespers
and alleged ties to bordering sands.

When spring arrives I will take steps
towards glorious comforts
that weigh indecision with borrowed time
and construct the guilt
that leads into
the masses parting
like bordering sands
like fabricated winter
in dispose of God's mighty soigné grooves.

The Atlantic Coastline

The Atlantic coastline
is alive with fire
diamonds like raindrops
crescendo into morning dew.

Asherim poles, like alters
smoke into the sky
offering a condensed sacrifice
for glory, for beauty,
for groves in now still timber.
I have fabricated tunnels
I have dug groves
like asphalt, in the plumage
mighty and climbing
for the favorite saint
the sojourned
the ring of crippling fire
that perpetuates
for fire, for oil that sings
where paralysis does not disdain the ugly fire
but glows with hot ashes and writes down
His name
in the asphalt
in journeys
in mornings predisposed
towards glory.

Priceless Murals

In the morning ther'll be campfires
singing Mother Grace's lonely tomb
Their bodies are accustomed to starvation
unsteady range in justification
they are perfect representations

Traveling

not wanting to rank himself,
he is seeing mills in June,
in repetitious fingers, in flight,
for mourning stones
within numb temples.

not wanting to displace himself,
he watches, with painful effort,
the neighborhood blush with sciolistic remarks
under trodden treasures
that sing of change, disposition,
and figurative destruction
under the weight of carriage lining
pretending to be certain
of the cost of indecision.

Under this weight,
not wanting to represent himself
he steals trees for trellises
he restrings suggestions
on a thrust stage,
tolerant and at rest.

sosenuto conversion

mitre rods
exhume latent coercion
troubadours dance on the railways
fabliau transparencies
immerse
stomachs, stenches, and totality
passing streets
parting prescriptions
doused in mopery; for moppet States
untitled, in remembrance
in shells on pearl sands
for winter clothing. edged again

in memorial foundations
youth stolen passengers
in perpetual persuasion, on docks
in passing
in pledging
on moonflower flags
martyrs sinking
in international waters
in tossed glass bottles

Linstock Beaches

Salient rigors perpetuate
recalling caprice alliance
foiling certainty
stage boards disfigure
separatists's aspirations
under vanguard domination
by civil expenditures

    regal lanterns
    commensurate
    limited irritations
    sing sharply
    in competing octaves
    undivided commands
    rehearsed and memorized

Spendthrift miserly
nepotistic linstock
welcomes the press
honors the judge
carefully extracted jury

    we are opponents
    under goad doors
    we make contact
    we interchange
    the wedding and the cities
    the division
    nets overlapping
    the hagiocaspian sea

quaint graticule oleaster

Lake Superior is rubbing moccasins
jogging on stager highways in the cold

> constructions on the outer banks
> line sun dances, brush against
> divided nations sort and dispel
> the common stock, not merely
> a rivalry, formerly gathered,
> personally counted, marriage
> for construction.

(,Inclined) frontispiece

where forms and procedures
are the only true avant garde
it is those most responsible
who are the failures of this world
those who couldn't take credit
for what they could not do on their own

learn to be weary of patient men
they are consulting with spirits that whisper from trees
they are prepared for battle before you are dead
so that they may take you as you leave

the transcontinental delegate
lies buried in white sands
his homage scuppering
to delicate perfection
rebirth in the paragon

light blue

oxygen nanotechnology

inordinate perfection bearing veins in the slumbering mass of dreams
disseminating himself into shadows with the virility of the sun
the frontispiece dreams of the sun
he scourges the patient, the proud labor, the crowd disjoints
amber relics for trash compactors in the doldrums of our sleep

The operator, The agitator, (Folding Hands)

There is a chatty raft where once two towns met.
They spoke for hours about plumage, ramage,
recapitulation of latent images.
Rappel beasts greet ‘Old Women’ with
shrieks and cries and mutter unconcerned.

They delve into pyrrhic tissues, parched purses,
contrarian humility, shrieks and cries for
dominant gloss in dredge and dewlap tidings
asking rightly hybrid functions; mediators
Marion, and Marie.

Marion loves property, Marie obligation.
Somehow they find the time to take place
everywhere at the same time. Monroe
was the father from several generations. He
puts masks in the window but closes the curtains
to shield the warmth of renovated expectation,
insipid jubilance for lesser heroes, a
fixed station for lower beliefs. “This
town restricts itself,” shrieks
Marion. “Only to honor a foundation with
arms like diamond cut stuffing,” cries Marie.

Monroe is buried with folded hands in an
armored car. With insurgents under
its wheels intact and ingratiated.
A place called home. A surmounted innocence.
Statice belief. Marion calls Marie compelled.

gillyflower

this white rose imposes conscription, gingerly
upon white framed masses that neither
adhere to the celebrated sower or admire
his mention among rough root notes
dissembling order for an extended vacancy
in supplemented factory wheels,
ordered to be removed.

this red rose stands on its temple,
by violent mint grass houses, storm drains
and provincial tidings, ridiculed and in dismay
she brokers for sympathy, like little glass
statues that all sing together in
woven entries on lost journals
her resolute amber waves abstained.

This blue rose is not in the home
of marists stalled to attention, she
tries to bleach its pedals white or green
she listens to soft music and waits
for the hour she trembles
and drops to the counter
in amber waves abstained.

Reception for an occasional prohibitive competitor

In the order of proof
could plead exchanges and vows
to another proposed purchase of will
dignity is reserved for narrow labors
in the camps of established lines.

We are of age, prided and perfunctory
in our zeal, justified and distinguished
for fondness. St. Steven reached
together with consistent assertions
that removed hostility, speaking constructions
morally, worthy, questioning the affinity
at this reception, this anarthrous
interpreting, for giving
for witnesses
for rendering divided passive voices
elevated attributes constituted
an opinion, a nuptial
in praise, in solitude refinement
for perfection of a member
of joy.

Receptions of the occasional prohibitive competitor
said to be in likeness
in common joy
declared token
once or never or on occasion
together, without a morning substitute
for service in confinement
in cages made of wool
with steel latches
guarding his belt, his temporary
season in the midst of
international waters,
for glutton trespasses
in the bowels of our entry
to this world of appearances
the prohibitive cause
in milk
in ashes
under girdle stones
for weights, for water

everlasting.

extension of a rope lift

governance in unhuman power
both in opposition to the lifting might
    the manufactured dotted stifling,
    responsibility only a degree of forces,
    history, systematic slogans tied
            in vase sculptures
            for retired thieves.

anesthesia succumbs to polite structures
immobilized, in paralysis for dormant weddings,
for every collaborating witness, a momentary
consumer trenched in the solidarity of
our assets, our veiled humanity
tossed into the stream of unforgiving recorded
dogs of sectarian tapestry,
            like the widow of our
            highly appraised documented aperture
            our vanguard oppression,
            our sentimental stance
            under satellite states
            in orbit, in circulation
            in fatigue white houses
            for ornamental reproach
            and delicate inferior cloth
            aprons tied behind the backs
            of yesterday's tomorrows
                    hip leaders
                    convicted and resounding
                    in ornamental applause.

Tatting Children

lend color, disappointment
progress to the slaving bond
baptism for reprisal, for latent
fools casing hands
exacting and tidy sori screenagers
occlude measured bursts
fit instruments make the new man
the hero in denial
will suffer a similar despair
when the octaroons are all sitting in temples
when the pagodas are moist with children
running feet in water festivals
when the stem is poised and ready to flower
we have made our mention
on sanguineous tatterdemalion prophets
on torn gems Leskov sought for fate,
where the man of Keriot finds redemption.

When all the brimstone factories are abandoned
and the baskets are no longer weaved for tourists
when the bridge watchers and neighborhood councilmen
empty their vests for the walkers, the strangers,
they will be no more,
when He establishes His palace
the men who enforce His name
on the feminine body politic
will be no more.

The greater part, the necromancers asleep in halls
made for twenty-seven righteous men
only a few verses away from consulting
bleating tones defaced for the rich

for the serious artist consorts in reared dreams
for other figures, suggested, appended and
chiming potentiality on professors made edgy
by poor chiefs sounding imitations

is it satire by chance?
spent most of their savings in the pillar
declassed pitches on barber avenues
solvent on church bell rhymes

decubitus revenue In Dahomey,
in seamy juba glances
painting a yellow procession

underlining imperialism in text books,
in the meantime,
until the horizon confronts ethnographic explications
and He appears in naked streets

erasing the name
of tatting children.

Blue Lias

Show restraint, seek correction,
redeem flagrant plurality
with the indelible songs of ha-Shem.

Erect bridges for wells with everlasting water.
Seek relations within the humble tensions of psalmodies.

Refrain from double frets
from loose pages
    inside withered provosts
    that only offer high-key reasoning
    and hold aside the whispering mutual of remaining
    coal dust.

Augusta, Georgia 1939

I hear her soft
indulgent, familial pines
fostering distant space
between her temperate limbs
and my loose voice

Her raised neck
waits for me
to leave
to hush under her shade
recalling the swollen lake
where our bodies met
like two limbs in Georgia
of two different shades
faded needles
penetrating the bark
of my gasp and in my grip

She approaches
disrobes me
and offers me
to the choir of her soft
indulgent, familial pines

With Great Impatience

Moladah burrows in the ruins
of Russia, rats and weasels,
chameleons delegate tribes,
scorn entry to the south,
to captivity. In maritime
plains. Officials with
little authority with Javan, in
Iones protect their shins
with childish armor.

The burden of permissive governors,
without much deviation, receiving
the passage, the mother tongue,
roses in sober neglect
elect theft, erect restitution,
recite flood plains without gates with flushed
ovolo moulding.

Went over all the country

Went over all the country
into the synagogue,
Antioch with St. Peter,
giving orders in the garden,
in lower Egypt.

the first principle
a celebrated city
a symbol of purity
to the boundaries
of first passages

Terebinth coast
to the south of Old Tyre
I meet him on some of his journeys,
on an island during the siege,
with bitter water.

generally suppressed
the whole scene
had been conquered
took apart for the kings use

Joab was thirty,
in the asphalt
and baking, serving
soldiers with St. Peter
absurdly poignant
about the flowers he left behind
in Tyre.

He mopped his eyes,
with stencil fixed ruins,
trapped inside his heart
with a tear.

Stelis

the same volume
the first instance
undergone either alone
a few miles
        30,000 factories
        in Rephaim
ordinary discourse
transmission, give the words
        his end
        begin
usurps voice and then silence
temporary by chaos
the voice is a peculiar one
human ear and eye
to light, mutual struggle
          progressive form
          humanized speech
          coeval verse
          direct inspection
principle of equality
regards the sense of men, laws, own
        warring tribes put to an end
        unable to gather
        the great river
        spacious country houses
        London arches in Leningrad
        faced with the forge of the former
        bolder and stronger,
        Doric temples appear

generally fractured
together the priming,
and the muscle drawbridge
as if two languages, individuals
in a clock
said details
twelve and 6
        properly known
        left threads
        into the other
        stop working
        his right arm fell

trouble of the tongue
hidden lever
popular accounts
must be taken through it all
seizures
could arise
square of mines
thumb salt shadows
shimmer
boats turn the air
wing memories become
trench letters
never exhausted
already imputed
only one gazed on
her life for glory
for celebratory portraits

Prudent Vesture

Growing on mountains, swift hewers
escape the morning glow of appointed
rhetoric, hands condensed before
the hour of determination, tears swallow
expounded controversy, scourging plainly
in place of pitiful goodness.

Naturalized; two issues,
tucked away in cheek pouches, without being frightened,
without loathing indiscretions, tantivy sword knots
encumber, fashion hints, fabricate sincerity,
miss the mark of guileless incorruption
upon resting morning stars and twiddling
despots in orange magic scarfs
and elative beams.

Standing guard over costly reputations, under
elliptic roofs made from branches, twigs,
sticks of ivory and marquisette feather stitches,
she is laughing at bears in the sky,
at green hills in a foreign land, she is laughing
at swiss watches made from grain, from stolen
shards, from distinguished timber. Houses made
of clay elope beneath her feet. She is not
ready. She retires too soon.

Distance in the sagittal plane surrenders, to pockmarks
and repressed factories. She is might.
She is rising again, to window crest
mountains and timber that won't be dismissed,
for Saturdays, for joy. She has a new
watch, no tears, no pity but indirectly
we cower beneath the balcony,

for funeral marches in grand cascading rhythm,
trumpets and juke boxes and carousel wheels
typing out the day.

She flies
but insists
she isn't going away

morsels outside the gate

a formal agreement without warning,
adopted as children, as relatives of this world,
arrested development in candor, breaking cells
for reason, for two parts, asking
pernicious lies, impassable depths
in dystrophy and lamenting cords.

canyon alleys impart crewel
starvations, blotches of armament for
stolen witnesses. a recurrence
from vast deflated armies, evolved from
interrogation, from basset hounds, from stories.

They dwell on stolen land, furnished
with inadequate supplies, tempted towards humor,
tempted to decay. rebellion and pollution
fix to the ground, they sing of misery,
and cling to poverty as though it is the last
promise and nothing will be left in the morning.

middle voice

The result untold by charlatanesque patrons
all we meant to say we consider writing,
beloved entirely by blurred texts, postface propositions,
inner necessity, modes of instance trace
dull work meant to be seen by prying hands,
loosening the funerary box to ask a small favor.

He is wrecked in dialectical opposition,
terrified and childish, he refrains from speaking.
He forges a model of lies, of complacent orphans,
he refrains from speaking to exult the promise,
whisper through weeds behind his ears, his lost courage,
his grave myth he shatters by opening pages.

He supplements trellises for history, apriority
and docent proffering in aberrant representation,
obvious flags remote and untuned – scenes
for anguished lovers faced with parceled stages
built on hymns, on writing, on arranged
scratches recalling medium, privilege, and imposition.

Guillemot Villages

they could never become a happier people
stories, and forked persuasions
roads drawn in sky tides resembling fortune,
resembling beauty. Patriot birds falling over cliffs
over trench roads, over seasons for rejoice.

heritage revives arcane tragedies with resilience
near misses of what could have been
an unconvincing ancestor works in the yard
the soil is moist, its thoughts perplexed and yearning.

indigo thieves triumph in regret
they wipe their mouths, they journey over idioms
for perfect channels, straights of fugitive communities
play on gold strings and idealized frets

they are fragments of history, they remember
newspaper clippings with some names who are
characters in the present, in the groves of precision,
marked by addle folk music, concerts of history,
unsure of ritual and relation, a bottled precursor
for robbed discussions, trails
of scavengers invoke justice, invoke brine, perjure
exacting incidents of national utopia.

between conditions of farmhouse laundry and
spiritual indifference, their lies harmonize
the tyrant and the lover, the boxer and
the uniqueness of life sounds. Spectator mumbles
from the center of the stage.

a Canorous Harbinger

an empty clock, purposeful
in its lecture
a legatee
propounding only
residentiary
weathering absence
between error for
a particular other guest
an artist or writer
living, residere
elsewhere, officially
remaining to live elsewhere

a note which is higher
office hours involving
silk dress fabric
the root of the chord, a candle
lend this in trust;
I owe you

emetic invocations, public shares
pliant in the suggestion,
on the surface
in the short term.
court ordered courbette,
from a building record tenant
marrow of a coup d'oeil
seeps sovereign kindred broach spires
brittle mythological adaptations
arrange confused senses,
emancipator, free from first-hand
cosmic absurdities.

here for tears
inevitable exhibition
Public Administration
doctrinal applications, mythmaker,
discovers fables, legends, viewed
more radical

Shelters, offer the only member
approved for use

the typical treatment
appears to have been present
their experience in terms of
anthills, prevented, amazed
by what She saw, foreign
conditioning, calm admonishment
pictorializations with reach,
out, turning the hands to reach out.

mechanisms freely taking and holding
to roll over, a tearing loose
elephant babies, vent dead,
reliably could infer certain appendages,
    proficiency, historical habit,
    symptoms derive, swoon slightly
    tumble over
    urgent voice

Scant Southern Rations

the economic hinge;
Such dancing
discursive fields
gut-strings, soap, theatre music
the end of a movement,
inflation on the slap stone.

councils of lions
Gregorian terror
stammering douceur lips
binding shoe strings
participatory clause

Light candles
orchid doorbells,
parks in the evening.
patent seeds
wheat for single mothers

The end of this line

tapestry blown curtains,
scourging alms,
amortizing brass stands
at book value for this
period of time.

court sonnet waste baskets,
abundant shifts,
spoke peace to his whole race:
you have drunk of the hand
of foundations.

independent conduct,
every wrong,
house will reject palaces,
illegitimate works
passing through fire

through coroner newspapers,
exchange or stand,
advocates of confusion
take the promise land

Burden of Action

When the latter poets draw cherubs ten stories,
ten lily blossoms, three corner bases held
temperaments, held saw dust: delegate pedestals
breech captive pilots, wreaths of thunder pour down.

The prince observes the boundaries, the weakness
of the future, languid torpedoes, problematic security.

A point of reference for eschewing reductionist history,
made science, made true, made sand castles marching
to inaccessible trades. The product of space between
percussions, whistle blown trumpets dance on stanza habitats
and appropriate division: precursors of approach until
dying poets cut moments of freedom from the
ghost tingling hands of dead saints.

Hidden in stalls, in dreams from night, from lovers
overcast madness uninterested in ecstasy, in doctrine,
or peddle stop rituals. ecstasis. meddle frames
in rhapsodies of transported keys, underwhelmed by convention,
over enthused by terms willed, desired, and triumphant.

Breathing in a pale craft, a jointed note, pedagogy
carried away, caught up, in freedom, in reproach,
in distress and derision of puppet applause and
cursory blown radicals sweeping between pews and
bitter pedis secretaries for emphasis, for vespers, for burning patience.

Common Turn Honeycreeper

followed by every dance,
woods under earrings, and beautiful
correspondence, listening to his object, the
dissolving allied picture of their joy,
for great plays, for being bold, imitations
can be seen or made available, energies in suspending
conventions, imposed by movement, by machines;
imagism disposed, discharged just before
Turin, before dexterity to many successors,
cantors freely in Dresden, in Milan, unbroken
pupils, edit songs to the states of the west.
comiquement, intervals poise violins,
promote complaints
adapted for singing,
buffónes in unison stretch tones, break

horizontals, already in certain Mississippian displays
strung odium
strung crown-post roofs
a common turn pupil
followed by every dance

IN THE TURN: aggregated property

To the year they preserved
pureness of heart
slothful doves
founded supporters
signed, beaten expectant
mothers

That arrangement, inflamed
stress, powerful institutions
against colors, against different
regimes, under plague worn knees

Representatives reach election
that place coalitions. Daw Suu, equally
anticipates the possibilities.
Unpredictability is just one party,
two or more collide gymnastics,
classes along candidates saying,
"unfriendly, the one in the other,
adding still to secessionists,
irredentism"

Observers who know better
dance in America
Occasionally, receptive to speeches
in aromatic inflame

doused in the age of restitution
devoured by spot lights
by raging waves, lines under Washington
clasp morning district estates

exile defects lonesome hammers
desperate moods
in America
in the cashier's stolen pocket
consider to be joy, be raincoats
long term interest
decades of brave film makers
interrogate the material
pass for ballroom dances
fights on their side

dressed and stated
in parting
What God is this?
what guess made
obliged to a breaking point
two laced, too loved
her face gazed,
not judging
on herself
on the top of the bed
keeping room and coaxed
belongs to the great warriors
where they are figures credited with Sophists,
with functions, virtues of temperance
melding myths and apologies, knowledgeable business
schools porter lawns, opinions, appetites which
did not arise nor muse ruling nature.

Daring squalid howling carnivals
spite emulations. the sound preponderant
and terribly present
wandering, tearful, and self-indulgent
play songs
praise people

Frequent Lodestar

We are vast
curled in the dung heat
of orthogenetic postvocal hemorrhaging
glottis sung vapors
arising between the beauty
of our hearts, and our
undecided acuminated vows.

Flaring temper
reacts with joy
at the sense of misdirected intent
as a carpool catoptric of smoldering
wet sea glasses
on mandrel stolen twills
at the bay of east river dances
for expiate fortunes
in tunnels
in love
by the sea
and our forgiving misfortune.

Celebrated
rough draft proposals
in tinted skyline window frames
decanting discussions, celebrated
nimble, frayed on sapid grain profusions
sauntering in crowds of white snow
where delicate footprints dance on the terrain
on this early sounding
this blade of savant grass
grown from thorns in sassafras quick-mires
delightful proforma shades from tinted skyline
window frames
celebrated mires
that mirror lodestar tunnels.

Induction

forever precluded
from flowers on hallways
for restive conversation
and adequate time

For flowers just sinking
and emblems on fountains
remember my father
when we get together

remember my father
when the boats are sinking
captains are stringing
perhaps, they are singing
like a fountain, like water
from Canons, from vestiges;
    stolen together
    in a rude hollow car
    remember my pathways
    make sure they all sing together
    forever, for soon
        I will be taken
        to the passways, the passages
        to be remembered forever
        under fragrant suns
        that untie together

All's Well

seeds perish under nocturnal libation
accepting derived representations
affirmed in the governing of palatine shed
sainthood, for contrary suggestions
for rills in profane
expectations, taken us to deter
elemental interpolation, sown
in constant reoccurring phrases
for purpose
for absence
relating pedagogical
heretics, conceived
only within an instance
of love, of symbolic use,
in travels
for joy ridden Sundays
for June.

against tradition, its time and setting
prerogatives mapped on refuted blisters
suffering as a nation for acidulous
markets, for acquiescence to
patent crops
to June.

mulberry nobble

She has nit incommodious intent
around the towns of stalk and preclusion,
negating blame and fresh water fingers,
plucking commands from isolated stems,
soldering residence with gracious fatigue.

She is a high-rise below a bunker,
a relegated memory to parting windows,
dull utensils and figures of clay.
She makes herself an empress for small mounds,
and a person of intrigue for a low price.

She is astonished, in perpetual doubt,
a docent to barren hallways, removing frames,
removing prisoners etched by pencil on the walls
of stative legislature. She appeals, she
guides the hems of her envy with movie nights
and tea.

She is a small wind instrument singing to my stomach,
an obtund trait for somatic pitches,
a stoat uniform for broad benches,
readymade shelters and bird house trousers.

Celebrated Silence

There are no birds here
the heavens have disowned me
it is quiet and I can read.

I have moved to a new state
where there are no chances
of eager flocks to rob my stead.

No thief! No bureaucratic widows,
lining the halls with milk and dust
as though only an intermittent coupon
waiting for collections in this avowed hungry line.

Ah, God, why did you bring me to this place?
Why not a valley of evergreens
that softly hum through the broken wind?
Give me the wisdom that I might avoid
the margins of highway arteries,
the gutters of the inner city, and accept
the peripheral indecision that mocks
the delicacy of our urban dispose.

I do miss a few things from my previous state,
I miss my family of deer,
they visited me daily,
I gave them leftovers and fresh fruit
they did not run from me,
not even the children.

Ah, God, why are you so quiet this morning?
Did something cause you leave in the hurry of the night?
It was not me. I was sleeping.
Did a Maryland bird come by and whisper Arcturus's unruly name?

“Are we vexed on stars?”

I am not to ask that!

The Kaparos Lawyer

Hadad writes his will
the stipulation of self
incarcerated to lay upon
scratched in blood

more glorious then regards
marginal, and obtuse
settled without
upwards, objects of disgust
crossover, Amos denounces
the early morning wedding
between factions and guilt
which curdles on paper,
on kaparos hands
    in the auction of guilt
    and court ordered trespass
    she leans beside a small waterfall
    he always knew it would end this way.

White Cornelian Cherry

In the winter these dogwood palms
Are like contrarian houses with buried leaves
In respite of conspicuous buds

All along the esplanade the palms
Are commuting our gaze of the coast
Like coarse and timid counseling bells

Rills descended perambulate
Like walking monuments in the bitter morning light
Where water loathed and touched grass curtains
And torched, yellow resurrected roots signed night

We string cabinets aside these empty palms
For May, for gregarious candles with flames that sail right
In kind, display your mountainous lips
That haunts my grievous proposition's flight

While we remember the course of accessibility
However docile and ornamental
Does not withstand that returning home
The plains are a journey still

When the memory inflicts violence

When memories of stolen dreamy winter shades
Inflict violence across the doors of open shutter drawers
Like leaflets posed in such a way, for a picture
And a stalwart grossed plentiful stenographer

When at last he takes the blame for her insistent
Complete sentences like fire on the lips of former
Civilizations's deities, he will remember how she calms
At the scapegoat ritual, he descends

It will be years before he has the strength to comprehend
That those days when he flushed her pearls he was trying
To get out of the haze of her psychological abuse and battered
Synonyms of how she could capture his emotions and feelings
Of responsibility for her motivations and blue heart

One day he will awake, long after she is gone
When he is still alone and unsure how to feel again
How to frame his disposition to love again, to have a heart
For someone new, someone pure, someone kind

Just don't remember the red dress and sonic green underwear
That she promoted was his task like a ripped bra that she requested
Never dying with the list of lighting candles in the musk of
A former smoker, never dying with the steal drift of disposable wood
Adrift in the amber sentinel basking waves of numerous hands

Don't forget her love with her honor he still grieves
Don't forget how you first loved
Don't forget to remember
That all love ends in tragedy

Purity of Suns

Ephriam Gate to the Corner Gate
Son
Married

His name was also

Figure merchandise in Earth
Hissed at you
Over tradition

Implications of this premise
Readied for him
Mislead by falsehood
Enough for you

Old women understand
His spirit mourns

They will be saved,
identified, and trusted
which I gave Japheth
despondent
names from the earth.

Evasive No More

Was it God who put me here
Or came to witness my disposition
To hear the sounds tall, telling me to make
To burden the winds of gregarious chanting
To make do with what rhymes could no wake?

Was it God who punished me for my collapse
Left me for nothing but to pretend that I was sane
Among the city indwellers and too short pines
That wake the dead every day with disturbances of new
That stem from long awoke rumors of sane spines?

Was it God what made me forever in a hymn
To be broken and shattered like an evasive silent room
Where is that silence, that thought of nothing
Where is that slowly departing rhythm of solemn wokefullness
That celebrates a return to human voices over human voices?

Should I be evasive no more and tell the earth
That I am free from sound, from stalking winds
That no longer poison my stutter like a sharp glass inside
But instead, dispel all notions that I was with her
Her inside that heart of mine, where she told me to wait?

I was there, I told myself to be there in her honor
I was pleasant and kind and that was enough to hide
What I had done to deserve this, this point of displeasure
This woken broadcasting, here for the mirror of time
And resurrected roses for Chinese stalwarts forever in tune.

They got to me before the voices

The doctors got to me before the voices
They first told me I was schizophrenic
But I would not believe them
I would spend another two years in heavens disgrace
I sorted this out between myself and God
This was my medicare

Then they told me I was bipolar
This would account for the mania
This was before it was commonly known
What antidepressants would do to that
I hurled further down the seize of detention
With wanton dreams of elliptical formable posture

Then a doctor ushered the world schizoaffective
He offered me hummus if I were to go to Egypt
My ex-girlfriend was his secretary
She had dissociative disorder
That is not a joke. Her many places lived according to
A subconscious signature, that I wrote long ago

She return to offer me her heart
Upon my final diagnosis
But I could not move back into betrayal
I was a new man, left with nothing but two and a half years
Of decent and decorum, and signage from what my father
Threw at me, and my mother threw from me
Where did this man not have siblings
To take me in and share the burden

God Woke Me

My ex-wife and my mother
Will happily tell you
When I come to close to talking about God
That I am symptomatic

But they don’t know about the mailbox down the street
That belongs to a church, for a God I don’t believe in
But I do believe we each share the same experience of a God
When we dream, no matter our proscribed manner of detention

I came to a point, of long glowing disgrace
This was my siren song, my time to leave the earth
I believed it was I who was poisoning the earth
That it was I responsible for all humanity’s suffering

I gave God a date, I put it in writing
That upon this date by this time, the suffering of humanity would end
The consequence being that it my thoughts did not stop
Spreading throughout the earth and causing the suffering,
I would take my own life, and bring joy to the world

I wrote out the contract, I sealed it, I delivered it to the mailbox
Down the street, to the church with the God I don’t believe in
I asked them to be witnesses, I believe they did

The date came. I would give it until evening. Evening came
My mind still ran to and fro from the ends of the earth
It was time for me to stop it myself. But first a last nap
It was with that last nap that I recalled from my youth
There was such a thing as mental illness, where one hears voices
And has visions of God

I was not the illness in the earth, an illness of the earth was in me
I was not the point of suffering for all mankind, but a individual in the
Wraps of dialogue with the Creator about my place in this palace
Of torment we call our home. So I woke. And just like my contract stipulated,
The torment had ended. My mind no longer ran to and fro from the ends of the earth

However, there as now a catch. Yes, I was woken up. But I had written it beforehand
Now had I reached God after over two years of negotiation? Had I stated and what I stated passed? Did God hear me, now for me to share, with you, who does not want to listen, to what I did that day? In attempting to save the earth I saved myself through a contract with God.

Inciting God

The act of inciting the Heavenly One
to pursue justice with us and not detain justice
in our stance offers a compelling philosophical grounding
that deters stalwart domestic patriarchs
that maintain an appetence of withdrawal
from communal integrated harmony.

Uliginous colonialisms represented by
the theatrical orb and scepter
meeting floras and projected distillations
of witlessness and vacant disruptions of authority
that must be (re)constructed through images
of high kingship and kinship are the landscape of our disposition.

Frontispiece and allegory represent naïve vainglory
of aggressive colonialisms enacting the cartography
of the deleterious exergue of capitalism.
The lodestar of calculated weight and assimilation
to the language of oppression must be countered with the post-liberal forces of progressive change and incised validation.

Settlers must strip themselves of their native language
and abandon the still, two-dimensional image of the Other
demarcated with criminal intent and savage obedience
that is perceived as threats of globalism and good governance.

Distant Moondrops

For the grace of distant moondrops
I will not answer your call
Or pretend to see you
When you are near

I will only hunt Cyrus
Or Orion on large feather eclipses
That march through hushed memories
Of soiled and battered dreams

For the weather on distant moondrops
Is forever held in a permanent rain
Like the everlasting storm on Jupiter
My love goes on despite
The uneasy terrain of your maps and collecting
Inspiring tomes of sedentary tones

In favor of the dimensional graphs that never
Call us equal

I will only call you Cyrus to my Proteus
I will only call you love abated
And sit in the seat of memory
For the last touch of whimpering,
Distilled hallmarks of my affection
That knew too well it could not last,

But I protested holding your hand.
I could not see the distant moondrops
That you offered. Upon the seized capitals
And foaming desertion within starring eyes.

Václav Havel's Spirit Visited Me

Václav Havel's spirit visited me shortly after he died.
It was not warm.
There was no comforting greeting.
He visited me as a critic.

At that time I had been working feverishly
On a collection of poetry.
My marriage was on the very last strand
Of falling apart.

My songs of poetry were not songs,
But proclamations and divinations
And declarations of my eternal love.

I had proposed to God to open the door to Heaven.
I needed an answer to how I could lose someone,
Someone so perfect. My wife of just a few years.

What I can remember is that I must have been on my knees
When Václav Havel's spirit arrived.
He stood over me in disgust.

Havel couldn't bear the sight of me
And my work.

With astonishment and angst, he told me,
"Poetry must *sing*!"

I felt ashamed
For years.

Ashamed at the extent in which
My project of poetry did not sing.

It took six years for me to realize.

He was not being an unforgiving critic.

He was trying to help.

Of course, he was right. Poetry should sing.

But not all poetry.

Shema Palestine

Sh'ma Yisra'eil
I was once in a class
Adonai Eloheinu
Where I was critical of Israeli snipers
Adonai echad.
Targeting women and children
Barukh sheim
At their homes, apart from any action
k'vod malkhuto
And I was accused of Antisemitism
l'olam va'ed.
Because government is so conflated with faith.

The catapult of entry
Is brokered on othered capital.

Sh'ma Yisra'eil
I explained that I practiced Judaism,
Adonai Eloheinu
That a military that advocates murder, arresting children,
Adonai echad.
A Chief Rabbi that advocates rape
Barukh sheim
Does not represent a people
k'vod malkhuto
Yet, I was told I needed to educate myself,
l'olam va'ed.
Because, apparently, human rights abusers

Warrant having their side represented
As a matter of the course towards justice

Sh'ma Yisra'eil
When we live in a world
Adonai Eloheinu
Where rapists, murderers, and child abusers
Adonai echad.
Are presumed to be justified
Barukh sheim
Even among leftists
k'vod malkhuto
All reason has been forfeited

l'olam va'ed.
For a system that rejects

Accountability. Knowing no place in our time,
We have to direct all effort to find hope

Sh'ma Yisra'eil
In the solitude of Othered persuasion
Adonai Eloheinu
Where veterans of resistance
Adonai echad.
Can articulate hope. What is sacred
Barukh sheim
For human progress
k'vod malkhuto
Treats the adjourned
l'olam va'ed.
Like ideal endorsements

Like a vacuum in time. Towards the end
Of human experience. I have known no rest.

When You Arrive

When you arrive I will tell you
That, of course, I have always been waiting just for you
I will tell you I, too, have arrived
Despite my impatience

Once you arrive, contrary to linear expectations
You do not, in fact, look back on your past
As all the life forces that led up you becoming the person
You were meant to be

No, there is a person you were meant to be
But, that person was written in stone from the beginning
You will, instead, look back on your past in shame and remorse
Of how far from yourself you drifted and tossed

Because when you arrive you will no longer
Be predisposed to the latter joys or fears or triumphs
No, nothing will seem to have been relevant
Or impeding toward the future with your true self

You arrive as you were born to lead to perfection
And all the witnesses of previous days will be the case against you
That you don't deserve the steady mind you have earned
Because nothing will seem to have lead to this

When you arrive, you, too, will see
That now you can frame resistance as the battered
Imposing joy of delicate days of rest
Where you were blind to your blindness

And you believed you were working towards the day
Where all your efforts would gain the prize
No, you will not arrive that way
You will not arrive because of yesterday's homilies or jest

Land of the Pirated Gods

When you take an obelisk into retreat
For the shares of sanctimony
And the moral conflict of abhorrent dreams

When you dress your desires with the forever hymns
Of tattered lost circuses and stolen fragrances
From your mother's closet

It will be time to look to the East
Like shattered prose digging in for afflicted starts
And stops from natures own regression

I will not stand for this stolen identity
This stop motion in time
Like a land of pirated gods

This steel still in your breasts
This portrait of pensive honor
This object of retroactive trespass and regret

Instead, bend me to the otter's fin
And with one swift motion
Like mother ignoring your text
Stand and be present in the swollen sands
Of parsimony bent in time

Grey Matter

There is a stem
From which we all follow
In broken booths and vacant dispositions
Like a parking lot or a thought meter
Disrupting a hollow downtown development index
Where you were patient

And I attested to the wings of change
Dispelling like od bent possession
With willows that danced in the driveway
And distilled our salty sailing promises
Immured and forever glossy like sand that
Sparks from the vacant parking meter

Work to hold our possessions
It was, after all, the apple from Eden
That gave us the power of possession
That was the trick that danced
In the empty moonlight

Where we kissed and disposed
Of our entire entry
Like the stem of our thoughts
Where we all shared the mutual crowning
Of our deliverance, we shine

Like the stolen dreams from vacancy
And withered enamored witnesses
Not witnesses
Instead salty soldiers
Where we can perform
The grey matter that unfolds between us

Morning

Contumelious straights with hampered joyous prose
Walk tightly across the doctor's grey lawn
I asked for an ashtray without having smoked in years
Stead in clear of my rival for this small bump like a shoe
What will be the worthy one to you, dear Eliza, trumpeted on high
Elixirs for morning prose and songs of Bridget Pegeen Kelly
Dancing in doorstops forgetting we know how to dance
And to walk; these stairs for fear of soft absence in salt baths and scurry
For I don't know you the same way you know me
But I can fain indifference to the salt bath just this time, please don't forget
Or forgive the consequences of my position locks in sediment
For the forester of an gray apple on the doctor's lawn
Who knew nothing of my pain or forgiveness
Like these two bottles of consequence that dock in a stony bay
With pearls of Alaska before two blue fisherman who chime with cures
Gutted with all types of de-monitions a visitor to my circumscription
Was told of my circumcision and died of greed for God's lost seed
I have lived in madness: will I ever have children: will I ever know a poem

Soft Landings

I like poems with a soft landing.
Poems that state the obvious, but curve and index
Like a child's cursive,
Like a tormented line about the struggle.
Oblique to the Gilded Age of socialism

How shall we prose? Like servants
To the line of matrimony in cuffs and trailer blades
Succinct to a priming formula on Saint Street
Where even majesty has a name with a warrant attached
Like strings to an A frame.

Shall we eclipse too soon
Like the taunted urban jungles of academia
Too frozen from the higher straits
Of bell towers are dull hymns?
I was there, I made it to the top.

I looked down in wonder through a map
Of consciousness and I was rebutted by reality
By a bus boy teaching memoir
Who told me this can't be done.
Death is meaningless and religion is fantasy

He told me. Where was my dotted line across the maps
Of reality that demonstrate how to get here from there
So I can share the degrees in which constellations tap
Their feet on the earth? Here my hymn grows cold and lonely
Waiting for the top to come down like a leaking garage

In my mother's house. Here the laundry isn't done for weeks
On end and I can't curl the weights any longer, but I stare
At my rabbit and dream of when darkness will pass
And I will no longer need these dreams to come true.
There will just be happiness in soft landings and you will be here.

Race-Packaging

An improvisational, open form
makes our trip into mythic detention
a united vocation for the individual
to become enveloped in and recall
our own echoes of open falling and forcing
into experience, so open to feel
like familiar emptiness.

Without the portable and inoculant joys
of seeing and breathing into and out
of the mist of forced retroactive distilment
where our glory is not recalled or seizing
upon entry.

There stands the silent precipice
for putative and remarked race-packaging
where only once with regretful tones
we hear the lost souls of ignorance
fall to the needs of persuasion
and tattered, shattered rainbows.

But he is not a rainbow.
He does not care that you stare in disbelief
or feel the loss in your heart
like a father with slurs on his lips
and an indifference that pushes you away
from the temptation to love him still.

Our fathers were not rainbows
or memories of stern gratitude
they were shepherds of stolen bodies
and enslavers in the Poseidon of history,
leaving on suffering in their path
and misery for the labors of others.

As we walk towards the belief
of a finer day with lifted minds
and poised solitude
we must recall with proper possessiveness
how we have come to know our neighbors
and friends and families.

While they package constructs
and mentor oppression
we can move to unaltered lines
in the fore-camps of justice
and lament the stone called songs
where our response is
an appraisal of the learned indifference.

Angry with the Waters

Prelude

Interrogation Ode

No new stardust in the microcosm
no extraordinary matter condescends
our marginal bridled constitution
cambers and weighs what chartered hearts lend
though they linger and answer not the dust
they withdraw an image predisposed

More southerly that the sacred ruins
workers, thieves in the dim light of conscience
solidified amoral economic
relics, accounts experimental
feelings of fear against destructionists
invasions interrogate pasque flower
windowbird at roadside sanctuary
cosmopolitan-minded mayors
on the value proposition who join
peace or chaos
reverberations of forgotten whims
towards the estuary of topstich protests
believing in the vacancy of local resignation

Melange faldstools elect war
demand credit from ruins
a Grecian nose revisionist arrest,
secures the nape of the state
its habit and the people their
blues geography.

Royal images, texts, police reports
represent Osiris from Erlangen
to Greifswald. Mountains of officers
wear greaves to protect themselves
from tourists.
A batted hymn

signs confusion at banquet robes,
naturalism laments its factoring
supplies dishevel the arching cords
with yesterday's romance, the zeal
of our vacant mayor elects
treason for juvenile aqueducts
and the benevolent wives
of heresy republicans.

Yoashua goes ten miles
with an officer. They run from dogs
climb the inner city gates, they run
together. A thirty-foot fence holds
their weight. The pack of howling
miscreants laughs at the spirit of
winds climbing slightly above the heavens.
In dispose of our adolescent journey.
In the dying rust of our portals of
time drinking asphalt deciphering winds
in the slumbering lens of history.
Leaves broach the stomach of our
inseminating vows towards the ice shed
towards vacancy
and humor.

Two goats climb a decaying Chevy.
Yoashua and the officer in their immaculate
dispose of the breeches of our humor, twine
in the dust making spirited vacancy. One goat
shies away from humor. The King is dead.
Long live his children. Nero redivivus myth
invited into clay pools give birth to asphalt.
The gate departs. The fence holds their
weight. The dogs seize humor.

Finally they had to admit a hitch
"we're coming," the faldstools move
their chairs slightly towards exercises
feverishly together, "what he did to me!"
a state minimum, the thesis, the poor
hold dignity, policy, "sophistication claps,"
nonresidence hesitated
hogs below the inner city gate
the fence holding the weight
uncertainty in the meeting house,

regard for the law
assessments account
parties and dispositions
no small measure sought
Peter's father in Victorian England
a businessman in reprisal, a nomadic
drunk foisted before the amphitheater
a wedding before the gate, the fence
rocking. Nero cast off his arm
for a population in grass splendor.
A quarrel of flower-vases. On fairgrounds.

Prologues and proclamations. Osiris in
Paris. "Osiris, Osiris, reclaim your imaginary
bead of sweat. Carry me to
ill-humored indefinitive gestures."
"Cholera," Osiris cries. "Cholera."
The Russians found this acceptable.
The free world puffed, preserved
Yoashua's song rehearsed
dangerous resistance as
a psychic entity.

"Kinsmen, my friends. We have a few
hours." Peter denounced the waste by
the flowers. The dogs by the gate secured a
new home grieving under the eclipse of the wind
tattered and strung up by letters and foam
another memory condescends.

Was it more real than inner city lights
a patio rose less likely than true
or slavery unsung in Paris or Rome
silent resistance or positive antagonism
a blight unearthed and drunk on morning dew

We hold candlelight vigils
for the dogs. Pretending to be certain
of the heat of May with ashtrays and
peppermint and long old shoremen dancing
at the sight of Peter where Osiris
washes pedunculate oaks and strives
with the turnstyle. The fairgrounds. In a
moment we will be certain. Negative
symptoms become a way of life. The dogs.

The dogs are remembering their children.
From Erlangen to Greifswald. They are counting
their children.

Swallowed moons in hollow cars. Bones left
for certain change. Resuscitation witnesses
with negative symptoms. Exchange vows and waits
for certain leaves in ash drops, hallowed
no longer vacant but the means. The means Osiris.
How he couldn't wait to shovel passports
in the snow in vacant lots ritualized by fire.

Do not interrogate the wind
for extraordinary fire.

Do not sell another man's labors
and do not sell the earth.

Chapter One

I

I was shown myself wearing a mantle like Elijah
Blowing smoke into and under a sea
Somewhere that sea is quaking

On that day, teachings north of Medina
Show evidences to bibliographers
Saw himself, song of the celestial

References to sacrifice
The universities will open
Find expression or some martyrdom

A Jew in the south
No longer heaven's punishment
Atonement for change

Compelled him to write
Papers and letters
Relations to attorneys

A badge in the south
Hymn of provincial tidings
Through works disposed appellation

Often published dedicated
Figurative tidings
Contains scarcely letters

Pumbedita sees the ends
Of sabers, no loft
Or retrieved ends

I have not passed through
Safely, or acquired all
There is to know

My favor
Has not reckoned

My place in the south

I wrote a poem on
Greek logic, a professor
In Chicago found it unfaithful

Osiris, sing me you
Bird's nest, so that I
May write out the line

Osiris, judge
My song, so that the
Emanation of my vows

Will promise no fools
End, but so the imaging
And magnetic toil

Will not be forgotten
Or displaced in the
Relief map of our labors

II

Osiris, I have heard your green trials
You imitate laughter and break the soil
As all men do you reach for the unheard
You, who insist there is a second moon
Have not toil or balcony to break
Bemoan the pillars, the Jew of the south
Who took shore leave with such pitiful grace
A disability check did no wrong
Osiris, you did not hear me breathe
I was strong despite your heavy neck
Was it you whom erupted upon pillars?
Your neck against the grace of evening dew
You were made mad and you were made judge
Who marked you with asphalt and lean tidings?

No surge assumes earthly wisdom
No drowning bay takes heed of time
But rudimentary windows bless
Tired dolphins seeking redress

There is no asphalt in this lonely subjection
No pearl she held up to her family
She crossed diligent vales upon myrrh
And nylon refrains from breach pouches
Saluting parting stalwart dreams

In derision for petitions unanswered
Did He hear the winnow sand teeth
Did He redress the stalwart dance
Under derision for asphalt dreams

There is no exception save his honor
His shattering teeth mark no end
No indifferent salutary dances
End the strange window at his stead
His trumpet call pedantic loathing
Insinuations redressing time itself
Were there ever winnows in steep houses
Ever lost iron maps stolen in parsed lungs
Or reverent tidings losing our journey
For the Lord who saved us from his hand

Jacob showed me ha-Shem's hand
His awful stature and merciful grace
Was I saved from slavery to be a servant
To fitful ghosts with razor teeth
That disenchant a moment's peace
With long oar strokes that see no end
To the bruises of our heroic might
We disentangle the lonely deserter
With marveling dispose and frightful ends
Makom did not leave me so disheveled
To see no peace for my own end

I see the tired sterling's map
Our grace is fortune but what whit is end
The help of truce did leave us lapping
Where heirs fit to tide lost measure
Squeeze the trouble truth lashes
From lips and dowry hemorrhaging

We were not fit to retire
No, no stolen academy left us well

Remember me ha-Shem, Makom recall
Yisra'el establishes better years than this
Yet I cannot stand before you
Or redress on my knees in such pain
Remember me ha-Shem, Makom recalls
That I am not a man of better needs
I think that's laughing I hear from ends
That seize no truth or uttered hold
No redress, just laughing
And stalwart dances that left us near

Remember me and all my calling
Did I salute a bitter dream?
Was my God angry with the rivers
When He looked and saw only me?

I am made irresponsible
A fool with gold, I cannot cure
Did Osiris seize my skin
And leave me laughing
Am I eating grass in the whispers
Am I forming clay at such an age?

Look at my lines, judge my song
Did evening leave a brow so disdained
So early am I fallen to whispers
I did not die at tender age
That I must recall, remember vesture

Or leave saddened line for morning's fortune
And glorify the wind to seize my comfort
Oh, man of manners hear my case
Judge between me and the winnows
Rehearse the stolen tiles from such a draft

Remember not to envy might or hardship
Or lose your wits along my refined edge
I am not a man who calls you lightly
I know you are at ends with laughter
And not afraid to break the soil with your teeth
Or time the trial with what you have not heard
Give ear to my taste, oh man of letters
And do not give heed to such a heavy neck
Osiris sings for jewels, wealth, and promise
But does not recall the moment that we mend

I do not argue with time to break the water
Or leech a bottle from his neck
Only you or I oh man of letters
Ever did rinse a subjective truth
And toss it to the wind
I hear you calling
You said it would take days
And then adjourned
Did I not get through to you
You hear me calling
To break the bond of silence
And subject the truth

Chapter Two

I

Am I supposed a man who heard you call
now break the wind and have it out with me

no subsoil winnows
for your early fall
do not believe Osiris
has a better fetch

he is not addressing
his rehearsal
or announcing
his imperial state.

I first met Osiris
at Przemysl
Russia's cloak of arms
did not deter me
from seeking a song
of acquiescence from him.

"No more will we
ride on steeds"

Oh ha-Shem
would you have me sell everything?
My Mother's curio
which stores my books on Jewish heritage
and the books with it?
I have turned back to you
with complete transparency
please remember me
remember me in your mercy.

I have felt ha-Shem's might
I was reproved by Him
I asked God if He was angry with the rivers
And the Lord said "No."
Oh hear me man of letters

Eliyahu came to me
with a touch of ecstasy
He began the healing process
I met Eliyahu
though I did not see Him
He grabbed by arm
to shake my hand.
Believe me man of letters
Eliyahu is kind
And the Lord was not
angry with nahar.

II

Haggai whispers many promises to me
that I, in my torn carpets dancing,
will continually be blessed like children laughing

And the dance they will preclude
will be a song of flesh torn by want
by esoteric want and a need to be filled

I can feel Haggai speak to Elijah
I feel Elijah embrace my arm
as if bound by tefillin
He is telling me to pray, to kneel
on the ground, on my torn carpet

The pink and the dirt, and the indecision
that wraps my wife's remorse
She is somewhere else now
probably with someone else now
what do I have to preclude

But oh, an interrogation song
that gave me my life in return
and song in indelicate waters
Touch any of these

> "The vine, fig tree, pomegranate,
> and olive tree"

I will see the blessing of Ha-Shem

and my wife will not be the same
but an open, empty brook will cause me,
tired lanterns, monoclonal derivatives
sang for violet crass tidings
a pathway for diving dreams that
eclipse lector statesmen and retain
the want, the bear above us in the tree
pointed out by my grandfather on a green
lectern, Russia by the way, Przemysl
and Oxford at the nightgown press,
slowly towards my father
slowly past the judge

Oh give me fruits with Elijah's song
with sparing weights and new dreams
let him be a kymograph for my dreams
and relent strong trees for all my neighbors
that sing of gray-toned ruins that dance
on the railway of morning sparks

My wife ignites such wanderings
I meet a prisoner with torn knees
they were not the same
but I shared a room with both of them
on separate occasions, calling me into the water,
to Venice, and other men's dreams
and I saw there was a ravine
with an outlet and water ran through it
but it was not God who was angry with the waters

Chapter Three

I

There were seventeen streets last winter
Forced labor cemented in the avenue blocks
Ten men for every child sought Quebec

There were doves and strangers
Among the farthest stretches
Bring witnesses, bring money

Bring silent strangers to request an absolution
Request stolen breath from our emergency of time
Let not one hair fall uncounted

But an emergency of breath brings us closer
To finding the railway that leads us from
The refugee camps to some certain timbre

Take me to the farthest island
Show me it will be over soon
Let Mashiach bring new wine

May Elijah come this fall
And show me my arm is no longer bound
Mashiach will stem the arching tide

And all the loose soldiers will vow
To never take up arms
For the peace unknown to man

Is certain as the spring dewlap tidings
And certain in its need for remission
Voice the hunger, the labor pangs

Bring a new epiphany to every man, woman,
And child, see the arching bond of tears
And remorse for forever altered days

That leave no regret or assumed foul
Spellings, but breathe the last emergency

Where no more blood will be shed

No more chants of discord will plaque
The summer days or leave room for
Mistaken entries in tattered lost journals

II

There is no need
to rename the song

Doing so would be to
worship the work
of our own hands

We only need to open
the doors and open our
hearts

Ephraim, hear the God
of peace

Hear the God of justice
our goodness is like morning
clouds

We dissipate in the blowing
wind

We mark our words with
sweat and honey

Curds and wine

She dances close to me
and reminds me how long

I have been separated

She gives me a reason
to move on

Judah hears her song

Somewhere deep inside

Go deep into the rocks

> “Those who add house to house
> And join field to field
> Till there is room for none but you
> To dwell in the land”

The song can be
as it is

> “Shall stand firm above the mountains
> And tower above the hills
> And all the nations
> Shall flow in with joy”

Judah hears her song
deep inside the rocks

Oh Ephraim dance
with the joy

Of a shared house
that all the people

May enter her song
Oh Israel
Judge my song

That there may be light
in the morning
that remains behind
the drifting clouds

The storm enters
the dance breaks

And she is standing there
triumphant and at peace
with the rocks of her tune

Chapter Four

I saw Gabriel in a dream.
She had the appearance an animal
and crystal that glowed with fire inside.

She was crying
in somber matrimony

“Do you hear the sound
of the wicked wind?”

Recognized my doubts
“when you get the kingdom,
if you get the kingdom…”.

I rode a black ass towards Russia
which refused to listen to reason,

She is not there she swears
she heard me cry
the Secretary of State saw her wrath
she responded my cognizance, as if peregrinate
water frost,
stolen in time
stolen in amber waves
She glowed, machinery in red, white, and blue
comforts, stolen in time she howls,
she asks
“but there is no reason?”

a perfidious comrade asks for time
conceals the jury with hangman triggers,
switches on the backs of complaints
for misers, for juries, for
water frost

pergola sands eat nothing for days
take showers together
refuse to be seen
refuse God’s acceptance
in peridot moons
on sailing ships, towards

unglossed basins,
carrying away
hands

Pesewa carried through continually forever
throwing stillage on grass staddle
piercing mendicant lauds with surprise and jeer.

refused basins glow in her hands,
they cringe and couple notions of shelter,
movable air, resolute and brave.

She is including yesterday's work, rueful
and parched. Her stomach flown in gulfs,
precious majesty, mounds across another.

marginally scornful puppets broker
empty covenants with diesel married to margate pines,
suitable for armies, for tithe, for hollow ledgers.

call morning glories with repudiation, in
calm pasture frames, revoking indiscretion.

asherim plate houses,
bronze silhouettes
settle onto periglacial limbs

dilapidated limbs tower over tall green houses
and rudder silently against the ways and means
of angst and guilt

infantilism projecting its fostering

customary expenditures
for bronze silhouettes
of Elijah,
He stood
and protected
the failing projection
from idle green houses
that march in the circumference
of dreams that settle
into forked driveway houses
and denote the settlements
for roads to Zamzummim.

the green stem
away to fossil
puritans in the road
denoting human
in the path we have forgotten
for insults on apricot overlords
mammoth tigers unemployed
liberated in the country
harmony with white variegated trenchancy.

perianth anthems
sing crystal
sing lime
sing the words together
toward morning
toward shelter
toward comfort in periclinal guile

be my morning
be my shelter
She asks?

Chapter Five

I

Child labor in Sierra Leon
Breaking rocks to pay for school

At a quarry in Freetown
Gabriel leaves a cloak

To cover the children
From the falling rocks

Oh, cover me as well Gabriel
Hide my face from such ruins

May the break of day
Bring new earth

And protect the children
From such agony

May the earth move
Its brittle platform

And seize new dimensions
Far from austerity

Bring me Eliyahu
Send him to the children

May God break the dawn
That wakes such faces

And leave new earth
In the dust of our dreams

God is not angry with the waters
But he is angry these stones

II

cheer for water, for the end
of sabers

give the sound over regimes

it is itself
where children are floodwater

bring to Peace a phonetic gouge
that disfranchises
imperial constitutions

and Lives
what tides the children bring

where love dispossess the
merchant

and sails on the morning
hymns

of God's kingdom

III

Man, Go to the Plains
Take yeast from your stomach
And tell me, what does it say?

And I looked,
And a star fell from the heavens
Among a thousand ashen crops
A messenger swung from a rope
With a lancet in her mouth, saying

Who are these who play
The harp like David?

And all the small children in the earth
Rose up to judge the acts of man

We were saved by the messengers sword
Who wrote redemption in our foreheads
She conceals the clouds for the right standing

The harvest glowed in awestruck colors
Taking reality, form and bending it to the earth

Two books were opened
One was burned with every site of blasphemy
The second was sung

The children of the morning
In the Plains, in my stomach
Hosanna, Hosanna, with every note

There were no more refugees
Or stunted details
But morning and glowing wheat
And the emblem of her song

Chapter Six

I

I hear many birds
In my song

I met Yoashua
And I must admit

He did not defend Osiris
He leaves a snare for all peoples

He asked me to follow him
And I did

It cost me my life
I did not stay the course

Long enough
To welcome a complete end

Hear Osiris
He does not refute Yoashua

He does not give weight
To men of long journeys

Or harpsichord memories
That dive into the dispose

And grieve for woven entries
In my wife's lost journals

Oh, man of letters
I speak from experience

I did not know the day
That Yoashua's temple would quake

I did hear you
Late, but clearly

I heard Ha-Shem
“See clearly,”

See, what speaks
To the children

Of our dreams
That wake with moonlight

And condense the spirit
Into moving hymns

Of lost entries
In lost journals

I hear her call
My song and my fruit

My vineyard is chosen
My regrets stand tall

I demonstrated my judgment
When I walked toward Osiris

With a song
And a perpetual honor

That did not leave
Me predisposed

Hear prison reform
Hear songs from their entry

They are leaving
It up to us

They are leaving
It forever

And a song stands beside her
From the waste and the river

Hear the ships
Go by

Do not interrogate the wind
for extraordinary fire.

Do not sell another person's labors
and do not sell the earth.

Allon

Retreat, to the old gold bough
on furnaced lengthen legs of surplice dew
He is unsituated behind the terebinth,
below strange tongues with filament chapped lips
fencing two kisses on Ophra's populated streets.

Unto you paradise is opened
I will be lasting in the small places. Go there, engulf your
limber eyes, your shoulders supple and vindicated on sui generis planes.

Your memories that are marching, inviting a cell enclave,
do not breath strange tongues for orchestrated lips,
they are deigning and laughing in stolen rivers seeing might.

Hatch through your chest to the hallowed bonds
denoting fair play on humble balcony chains
where pendant jewels exercise prosodic light.

Where there were two of us only I remain.
Excluded by her faithless denial in the systemic flowering
of localized passing and giving for life stanzas of fixed bars
under borrows clefs. Where claims of authenticity are strained
within the anonymity of the stolen timbre of this space.

Is it not my intention to impress upon you motivations for water,
but for you to find me here brushing silhouettes on tired curtains
swallowing salt pills and seeking God for the contours of your remedy.

When you are older

When you are older
And the gravel steps march tea hunger
Ten inch incisors mark her hips
        She watches his display of monstrous
        Monosyllable reductions, courses
        The wind in aromatic picture frames

        Learns to make lean tidings for all
Tomorrows soldiers, and dances in the wind for last grasps
Of unregimented air.

        When you are older
        He doesn't seem that indifferent
        You'll wonder if you are colder
Or if perhaps God preferred you a little more wrong
About maps and the surveillance of good tidings
That didn't learn to judge
                Monosyllables in the cold
Aromatic ditches of night
To hold on to love not reduced to craft.

Song for Mornings

lacustrine voyages invite
mean fleeting memories
objects distilled know more grasp,
than riding currents

stallage weights cry for morning light
under staithe no meadows
but palstav marks the currency

where fiddles sing hymns for morning
few were nimble or fair
stone cabers gave to passing tides
more leverage than sighing

a photomosaic bent new
sign language for new light
where meadows seldom stark are free

Lighter Time of Day

Coulisse tapestry subsumes ardent play
a miasma applause rifts balconies
high contusion ripples from the stage,
a low coarse rescinds subtle tragedy

Where naturalism would not grieve entry
but negates headlong boasts for carnival
radix laughing pelmet to brave motives
where sediment procures relief permits

Succours envy from bane tragedy,
marches tentacles from reason to night
return lynchet more valuable than drift
currents finish night air and breath dim flight
where stations only secure false nettings
whispers make a lighter time of day

Northing Ravels

Plumb disposed in shrieking cavern walls
  Where sjambok treads the sun and lisp new waves
  No heir or torrent glissé nadir pains
But marked by a glass eel toiling falls
Permeated elenchus throngs brawl
  Unbridle father eel's mark of craft
  A clog dance misremembers lower studs
Beneficent for the arch of noonday

Nonpareil glocalization sets the
  Eel apart from the paragon, this hint
Of sensation debunks the autumn fields
  Towards the sheer where solace did choose a mint
The transposed marksmen thought running more real
  Northing ravels armor nugatory

Knock Out Roses for China

Knock out roses
And the Lord said
Lift these roses
        now you know how much
        a child weighs
place these roots
And the Lord said
    Take these roots
    and take Jacob
You will feed Jacob

And the Lord said
forgive your debts
this is a sign
for the united states
        mail these roots
        to china
won't take roots
but for China
        won't take roses

And the Lord said
forgive your debts
but for china
        receive your alimony
For the Lord said
        I will not accept grace
As a second hand

For you, scared poet,
offered your right arm
but said,
    "let me keep my left arm
        that I may wear a ring
        once again
        in my volatile life
        before the Lord

            As for me, scared poet,
                I will not accept roots
                and I will not receive alimony
                for I am as old as days

before the Lord

But for the market
let them be hands
of limited marked persuasion
that digs the wells
of the lost journey
and receives the rite
of the swallowed hand

for fiction
is an emblem
of my lie
and my journey
that I may
know in december
what life holds
and does not say

For China
does accept roots
And the United States
does accept roses
But it will not be
before the Lord

Fuller's Earth

early morning heretics
empiricists who become vengeful ghosts
a crude romance between wonder and astonishment
past stencil objects neglecting its true nature
a thing exposed, a moment in taunt distilling escape

a strong demonstration
Margaret and her husband
on knees in prayer, in dirt, in lime
confidentially asserting chiefs and gardeners, and vows
jewel puppets passing uttered holds
in bane retributive governance
in marble, in dowry and diligent values.

Decius finds her place in southern soil
in market collapse
pithy forgiveness
fiction and fascination in proper resentment
impose sanctioned unity on the poor house experience.

a formal agreement without warning,
adopted as children, as relatives of this world,
arrested development in candor, breaking cells
for reason, for two parts, asking
pernicious lies, impassable depths
in dystrophy and lamenting cords.

canyon alleys impart crewel
starvations, blotches of armament for
stolen witnesses. a recurrence
from vast deflated armies, evolved from
interrogation, from basset hounds, from stories.

They dwell on stolen land, furnished
with inadequate supplies, tempted towards humor,
tempted to decay. rebellion and pollution
fix to the ground, they sing of misery,
and cling to poverty as though it is the last
promise and nothing will be left in the morning.

The result untold by charlatanesque patrons
all we meant to say we consider writing,

beloved entirely by blurred texts, postface propositions,
inner necessity, modes of instance trace
dull work meant to be seen by prying hands,
loosening the funerary box to ask a small favor.

He is wrecked in dialectical opposition,
terrified and childish, he refrains from speaking.
He forges a model of lies, of complacent orphans,
he refrains from speaking to exult the promise,
whisper through weeds behind his ears, his lost courage,
his grave myth he shatters by opening pages.

He supplements trellises for history, apriority
and docent proffering in aberrant representation,
obvious flags remote and untuned – scenes
for anguished lovers faced with parceled stages
built on hymns, on writing, on arranged
scratches recalling medium, privilege, and imposition.

they could never become a happier people
stories, and forked persuasions
roads drawn in sky tides resembling fortune,
resembling beauty. Patriot birds falling over cliffs
over trench roads, over seasons for rejoice.

heritage revives arcane tragedies with resilience
near misses of what could have been
an unconvincing ancestor works in the yard
the soil is moist, its thoughts perplexed and yearning.

indigo thieves triumph in regret
they wipe their mouths, they journey over idioms
for perfect channels, straights of fugitive communities
play on gold strings and idealized frets

they are fragments of history, they remember
newspaper clippings with some names who are
characters in the present, in the groves of precision,
marked by addle folk music, concerts of history,
unsure of ritual and relation, a bottled precursor
for robbed discussions, trails
of scavengers invoke justice, invoke brine, perjure
exacting incidents of national utopia.

between conditions of farmhouse laundry and

spiritual indifference, their lies harmonize
the tyrant and the lover, the boxer and
the uniqueness of life sounds. Spectator mumbles
from the center of the stage.

Escorting Passengers

“Indecision burrowed in our throat,"
forever / vacant
beneath the resistance for
“dreams in our lungs,”
narrow condolences
born valuable.

Lasting hundreds of years,
“we share,”
children in uniforms
“scorched earth,”
escaping refugees /
fleeing from the principles of our diplomacy.

“Fathers in the rush,” / Another abysmal quaking,
Taking a child’s hands.
“A mule’s bell,”
giving away the silently approaching stranger
“Waking us from our sleep.”

Beneath the throw of an immaculate eclipse,
steadily gaining repose
“in its corridor there is strength,”
some allegiance in this breach of time.

“With a strain of regret,
We are our keepers, / We haven't given up,
Or have simply forgiven the forgotten joys.”

Esurient Farandoule

a lazy sinew bow gravitates
blunted sensations / market thieves
sandstorms
violin
ventrifact / master thief

sacra paw
sacra vespers
arrows mineralize for faucets,
for tributary, for sinks and fountains
localized mistletoe, tip-toe
sacra slipped-ached / a water organ for
fugue mule abatements

a lazy sinew bow gravitates
peddler commanding sea pens / orchestrates foam
pebbles on bodies
stomach
act of laughing / wailing / washing

dresses Miss
Miss moray
doctor's lawn for Mount Carmel
for tributary, for sinks and fountains
localized mistress, tip-toe
sacra slipped-yoked / wind pipe / a lazy sinew
bow gravitates

Bitter Paideia Dreams

Where the drill swings affront to old music
in tired weeks, convulsions lift weights
swallow teeth from liger dreams, transit
projective beams loose jaws and bear grim shifts,
a dark reaction to truth where awl does
heal in better mines than paideia dreams
prevaricate mines shield a waiting hymn
rouge shifts tantalize loom rests and briars

God has shown me azurite pearls of sorts
He designs a key map for me to follow
a kerbing never takes a mask from a
negative image, nor want a final
cylinder broke in lovely brittle incense
where sickles chain a more humble response

Where litters smooth estate traverse heraldry
to know the hammer lifts to strike at toil
my diaphragm dishevels waking secrets
under knotted draining boards and love
did not betray a grass parakeet to whelp
at stories saved replant lost gross weight
renown lingering sounds recoil for
angels ageless southdown remissions
smuggled seamanlike to hurried ashes
around the stockbroker belt lambasting
courage as a roche moutonnée,
hoverfly among the evening stills
that minimize stark awakening scene

Those sundry amber lakes

there are sundry amber lakes joyous,
enriched by the labor of timeless hearts
and stout in burnt persuasion, bay leaves,
triumphant moons that arch stars to proper
evolving tender harmonies beyond
autumn quakes of mystery in june

where divers collect fortunes, brilliant
honored posts that cling and propose marriage
that are diving towards the morning dreams,
reluctant only at the whistle of
approaching officers intent on oppressing
a school of fish to the crash of the wave

lead on, my unsung strangers
until day gives rest
break on, my triumphant morning
until the divers return

follow their brilliant echoes
and redeem the night
that left us waiting
for those sundry amber lakes
where morning is singing

Black Locust

robina, marrow of hunted earth
regather your pardons from the soil
your draff roots encumber the witnesses
a gentle bow stirs the sound of traffic

coreopsis vines scalp the dew from heaven
and center the falling leaves with the sun

bring me your black ice, your cold reasoning
I am retiring bivouac sites

I imitate a better persuasion,
with a meridian of hope endow
the congested summit with patio roses
conflate my desires with God's mercy
and pass resplendent recommendations
with a spadix respiring her caress

raceme exchange prattle in applauding
wind, a vacuum to oppressive debris

clamour about his feet in the mountain
burrow clod and vacant bivouac
fires, that sing neither of perfume
or gentle bows to the sound of traffic

Noetic Emergence

San Damiano encircles possible leaflets
under sanguine tongues, biting graphite, granite salt
dispersed in wind engines, engaging phosphorous debacles
for permutations, for weight, for her glass precision.

The defendant is coarse, oblique, permeated
with mother's cutaway beneath clad iron straw
and stumbling chairs. For resources, for wealth,
broached the blow with beastly cowardice
audited, rendered, transitively.

For percussive armature, antibodies neglect
the rhythm, the south, the hired hand
mixing agent and servant for resources, for wealth,
a nefarious and confined personalization of
communal experience toss in the air proximity
and tired sterlings.

The defense lives alone
farms and merchants rise like the sound
of the burrowing south, faced away, faced towards winter,
towards closed morning ships in retribution
for dull hands, and objective straits,
towards winter, towards sentimental journeys in the
heat of May.

Microtones

A catalyst
of open arms, delve more
pyrrhic than mountain tissues,
more life blood than open
rivers.

Do not contend
with rivers. They are
broken and unmentionable. Recall
the serene spokesman

making his way into
the forest. How he captivates
the lower order in exchange
for the higher saints. How he
careens off leftist boulevards

and makes the unmentionable
a fathomed haunt, distilled but
empty. Fast, feast, and work
toward peace and an earnest

recollection and a willing walk
start through the narrow gates.

The last leaves of April

A leger line bends more separation
than last waves caught in symphony,
more cast iron fragments writing angles
in pewter dusk climbing rocks shadow seal
    sheets of masked indifference toil brevity
    a topology of Saturn arches,
    tender with merits climbing regalia
    sublate profusion and tow her rings.

Where statics devise malleable waves
sola grain weathers a last eclipse
a tigon whelp scorns her father
in the presence of many witnesses
    docket marrow is robbed of convention
    where pews adorn the last leaves of April.

Credulous Lights

Love inaccessible does not cumber
trades now pellicle in life marked abstained,
the theory of Dionysiac rhyme is
never far from earth’s taunting gesture,
she is older than the frail windows,
a swell box makes her certain of sophistry
in new time trials for clover winds,
where Denmark timber frames mark evening laughter
and seize seldom misses towards landmine holds
or needs credulous for lights evening-pane,
nor donnée withholds marked forbearance
in the secret thought as a double star.

Leave the Old Wine

a linotype does make kenspeckle rhyme
for lintel sport in autumn wreaths that do
give a patio rose more triumph,
mere spalted boundaries don’t forget me
but breathe double-fronted old wine to leave.
to compose a stipend forgets sovereign
beauty, souterrain truant dispels my love
unpatched, unwoken, in trope and dire
evening trouble persona grata,
secondary picketing now shieling
only moments left unturned to forging
hands distilling onomastics for life
extravasated from pitch to triumph.

Safari

Cherub
stricken, elate
the problem knot

safari
rinse dimin-
ished returns,

and not
perambulate sulfur still
injecting hides in triage
stiletto june.

glowing
amber suffers not, but
takes the pasture from
its course

to be
at all a stricken
cherub, riding on
his horse.

Two rivers of fire

Two rivers of fire
fell like earthly doves
    one took in a house
    and stayed until morning
    so that its harvest was full

The second river
stored up its treasure
    and yielded it
    to branches and evenings
    until one movement of one song
    strung and entire orchestration
    and the rivers flowed into the sea

A tomato is also a love apple

there are no more wars in the terebinths,
Washington insiders are reading Václav Havel
Elijah has resolved to talk with me about salads
        and seasonings, vegetables, and Jeroboam.

there are no more wars in the terebinths
they have swept out their insides with Beckett
  and march on houses for resurrected truth.
  They are silent kings proposing feasts
  before fasts, before Mondays in Autumn Junes,
  they have ruffled their papers and are
  delivering pipes to sanctified witnesses
  for Monday, for June. For artichokes
  and gravestones, for gravity under
  altruistic stars.

there are no more wars in the terebinths
though, that being said, Elijah is not pleased
with me. He refers to me as something
of an opportunist. Still, we will discuss
      slicing tomatoes and remarkable salads,
      made for mother, for new acquaintances,
      for peacemakers.

Grove Pinion

Is all futile at best to be a song
a grove pinion for birds that know no tune
but just property for love and toil do they break
and lastly scorch for fain dove hallow moon breaks
matrimony does scission forget thee well
among the scoria and love for rote
feeble nihility does rub against thee
where nomism was not so great a cost

an obstructable knowledge economy
dies non where love is not eternal thanks
gives grievances existent for the parterre
in ruins diffuse what archives shine free
which no infarction with love that bids thanks
or manse does not give light for earth or air

10:00 a.m., Monday

testimony for a Greek artist
was given on Wednesday
and followed through
to court
to vespers
to matrimony
and carved into flags
denoting there were prisoners
who took refuge
who understood politely
terrible shame to be carved into a flag
to reap love and vespers
I followed him on some of his journeys
He said “those are big plans you make
I will not be the first and the last in the decisions you make
for yourself in octaroon flags for Wednesday,”

he bought a car and he tied it to a boat
oh, that’s just Wednesday he said
he was given to fugue mule abatements
said I never understood
that’s what it was all about
did he need
more understanding
did he scream into the car
in a polite
kind of way
I was the kind of hypocrite that would give it to you
I would shout all
kinds of windows
into your journey
I’m like family

And I saw a beast with wooden wings that covered the earth
And it had teeth
like sharp iron
and the wooden
wings were intended
to be a permanent structure
but they would not be permanent
it is hollow and glowing
before the Lord

And I saw a period of conflict
and deliverance in the earth
And one of the teeth was ruled by a mad man
who stood in mid earth, he put in place a building stone
that would help push the rulers of the earth towards
good governance
though he may not know it
and an angel would help the man
who stood in mid earth

And I turned to give him a chance to stand there
and said, let go of your wisdom
there are brighter days
that shine like pools
of light, and turn
let go of
your wisdom
you understand the carved flag
reap something
eternal
love is a light that shines
below the earth
above
and all points
in between, there you have wisdom

light is seeking a parterre
arresting conscience
seek light, seek joy
sow something eternal
a radius does not quake
standing in the balcony
to bring matrimony to prisoners
in defense of love forsaken in pools on warm winter mornings
solemn and given to fools wrapped in torrents
the people call for Elijah in the fall
evenings made of soft crocus thieves

Oil Spring Betides

episodic memories
lowly receptors
local anesthesia compensate through
the Commonwealth,
Abuja fields
one pushing between them
scar around the tip, two others
intervene weakly
a place for animals,
synapses push away
moving towards the last chapter.

they are prepared
on opus reticulatum guided,
a reaction showing what will become
in the light of God
a pond: a thing to be counted.

an abject matter
for joyful hearts
for preliminary season
projecting points
took position
took Breath.

we commend something He did,
related, “He did!”
The natural environment struggles to secede,
left on ropes, on quaking earth.

inexpensive games:
join lavender
smells in canyons,
repel pungent flames
for adequacy
for one race,
for another.

ornaments of power
sought Quebec, sought
many of the
supporters by mouth,

the source of dissolution
evacuates, with confidence
with means of construction.

districts in robes supply
in favor, supply chains
with five developing
councils, a majority
will follow but have
been taken away.

clearly through pictures drawn on
sections to be marked, to be spectators
Clefs of Sands, knew many moments
many affirmations
an object depends on these sections
these brass linings, thresholds

poetic journey
first in sands
for timber, for oil
close to first councils
intimately linked through
displaced memories, provoked
poets in Abuja
raise the city in May,
for housing, for approach.

issues and participants
intervene calmly
the party is distinguished
about typical business
economic branches profess
        He is a lawyer, a staunch
        individual, an extension
        of participation.

      the temple music;
grand kettle drums, slow
obsolete notes engraved
on faint, passive stanzas
at the mouth of Mount Carmel

       consecrated, being movable, and shaped
(bent) over and confined in stocks, barrowed,

Jeremiah hears the singing, from (no voice),
from (no instrument)ation. It is in constant
reposition, in consolation
for morning customs

She stopped
one-eyed
reading
turning to the sounds of meetings
bartering, helping him, she would
walk on foot,
for seeing inside
between special forms
largely due
where the spring would now shed light
on such flowers
strict isolation tells how the flower
and the song dance in folk, release, singing spirituals
the eight note below the legion,
his truncating alienation
deeply rooted
in passive speeches overheard by
entrepreneurs and made into assemblies
of congressmen
publishing votes
ritualistic forecasting
détente in fatigue
Where do the flowers go?

recounting the struggles
holding, despite an open floor

Chesnutt despises modern fairy tales
utopian brides in Georgia where
he paints the barn black and red
and yellow.

The landscape of Virginia depreciates,
mutual ambivalence is mobbed by shock,
by radio and white screens in
stirring houses

An Obligor Whispers

I was a passenger in white sands
storms tossed for shelter, for land.
We were acerbic children
dancing in empires and erubescent dreams
loathed by indecision, repelled by want
adroit in language and seizing pilgrimage,
extolled by pigs in hammocks with intrigant wings
armed with gabbro-curtains, flakes of stomach lining
gripped by trees, tossing branches
pedunculate oaks in autotomous remorse
repentance for unchosen variables, adjourned
and disgusted by high muck-a-muck campfires,
stolen incisors, and repellant overpass.

An obligor whispers fame, merchant sails
and August dusk. He withstands sails made
with teeth, with white down and soft payment.
He speaks with doublure chalk
in the colors of moon rocks, siding
with wisdom, with loose hands, with an exacting evening for Southern mastication.

Moments, voices imbibe
  Two strong men
for ladders, for scrolls
who can close their eyes
    on this much evil

    no patience with loving men
    mask around corners before being taken
    young players revolt against probing speakers,
    painters, poets; intonation admired from afar.

  liberated from lawyers
  young players renew a round of error
  spiritual turpitude found somewhere, found any
  fundamental ending though its deliberate frailties

    young players now being together
    historians with great measures, gain liberty,
    collections of narrow wings
    signatures of feet, Jehoshaphat carried off

a frame to work from
deliberation in the instrument

We are overjoyed!

Slow gentle sway of the arm
through the air – through nothing –
Was a motion, gesturing presence
acknowledging, and simulating
the movement of the present

All that flows
In
and out of you.
mindfulness
mindless
Un-cautioned,
ever in the moment

Perhaps just a temporary gift, certainly that was all
But immobilized by its legend
Achieving its end,
With the movement

One can reject presence.

If one listens for the moment's pace,..
There you will find its greatest distraction.
Deliberation
is the instrument
of tyranny

From which all evil is succeeded
and reinforced
Though we pause and reject the moment
in that we redirect presence, fortune, and Love
at the cost of time and / sober
consolidation of reason

Perhaps it is the nature of a conversation to stray?
And follow with our minds
what our tongues must swallow.

The principle parts
that Makkedah and Gibeon

shouldered, moving spirits
for renting, took apart
prohibiting the question, the authority,
contending slaughter within a flower-vase
deciding the sun.

The love of kings
he embellishes, a relar, a replica
impressing a soft spoken opposition
for old moons, Marist lengthways,
incumbent tongues. Delivered from
exposure, working upon the blue
cold steel earth thundering
consistent voices, flashing lights,
truth and liberty leap from
our mouths.

Only a minor alteration,
hoarse reproduction painting
specifiers as the work of those
who are no longer here, with the intent
to preserve meaning, that action
redefines. Where the concept
is an attempt at discrepancy,
its materialness confides,
descends on what one means by
“more or less,” its transparency neither
the original intent, nor ascribed.

Appeal to the king
himself, ideal variants
political processes decentralized
and unwilling to be reserved
by colonists functions. Constructs
edify contemptuous rotes, discussions,
strict requirements allocated with his
official protection.

Terms for one’s certain
proposals; taxes in the days
of Nicolas. Russia is processing
passports, recruiting motives
from one man to another
in the village where Elias sits
being insulted for tuberculosis,

disadvantages, for refinement
in extranatural clarification.

We have seen his eyes
and they are tainted
with a state of relative virtuosity,
from fractions of incisors
disregarding the race
of eloquent forces, the lesser
and structural nature
subsists in marching feet
down dowry disturbances
for long overdue passions
weary from the rain

Even still, there is no rain
hard enough to make this fall.

There is no rain hard enough
to make this fall.

Tenufah, offering an order
the city council remains
in heretical documents, between
expressions, sailed to Vienna
with Emerson and an undercover
narcotics agent. He was the first.
He was put to rest at sea, accompanied
by black and white television
and union prayers.

Spiriting instates languages, gestures,
theft for rigorous familiarity, being
and thematized, remembering that we should have,
mother loves
heaven and earth
your council
show great mercy,
insists grievances by everyone,
as negligence, blessed
necessary
he has been understood
he does not renounce
his unassuming ways.

His sister
makes out the page numbers
from an old plantation
knowing what they meant
in silence
hurrying, consolidation,
inconceivable counterpart / fallen out
jeopardizing honest relations
by motivating orientations.

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